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The Nation.

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EDITORIAL

NUMBERS GAMES AND COVER-UPS

Shades of the peace rallies during the Vietnam War. We refer to the crowd-estimate numbers game that emerged in news stories on the antinuclear rally in Washington on May 6. *The New York Times* said "65,000 DEMONSTRATE" in its headline, but that, it turned out, was less than the United States Park Police's estimate of "more than" 65,000. "Unofficial estimates" ranged above 100,000, the rally organizers put the number at 125,000 and *The Wall Street Journal*, playing it conservatively, topped off the park police's estimate and came up with 70,000.

The numbers game would provide a certain nostalgia, were it not for the importance of the issue. Naturally, an Administration that finds itself increasingly out on the limb of nuclear power would like to have us believe that the "smiling and amiable" demonstrators (in *The Times*'s words) who assembled in Washington represented the same extremist fringe who opposed the Vietnam War—well, you remember *those* irresponsible kooks. The Administration continues to promise safe nuclear-generated electric light at the end of the tunnel—but then it also told us that there was no great danger at Three Mile Island.

The point is that a lot more than 65,000 or 70,000 or 125,000 people want candor from their Government about the costs and risks of nuclear power. The same need for candor arises in an entirely different matter—the questions relating to President Carter's campaign finances raised by Peter Peckarsky in this week's cover article. We freely admit that Carter and his aides may have plausible answers to all of them, but they should be forthcoming. In the era of the open Presidency, numbers games and cover-ups no longer will do.

KHOMEINI CRACKS DOWN
Kai Bird

OSHA'S BENZENE STANDARD
Edward Greer

POETRY REVIEWS
Zukofsky, Lowell, Hass, Weingarten, Ai, Ondaatje, Moss, Finkel, Walcott, Epstein

'MANHATTAN'
Robert Hatch

MAMET'S 'THE WOODS'
Harold Clurman

SPECIAL REPORT

CARTER'S CAMPAIGN FINANCES

PETER PECKARSKY

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During the past seven months scattered but increasingly linked reports have appeared in *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, on ABC television and most notably in the columns of William Safire, that cumulatively point to serious financial improprieties in the financing of Jimmy Carter's 1976 Presidential campaign. On the basis of two years of research, more than 1,000 interviews with more than 200 people and a review of nearly 20 linear feet of documents, it is now possible to construct a mosaic of detail that, for the first time, provides a complete and plausible theory about the financial irregularities that may have put Jimmy Carter in the White House.

Before going any further, let us recapitulate what facts have already been made public. First, on October 19, 1978, *ABC News* reported (from information supplied by this correspondent) that discrepancies had been found in President Carter's tax returns. Second, as highlighted by William Safire in his column of November 6, 1978, Billy Carter took the Fifth Amendment in an appearance before a Federal grand jury investigating Bert Lance's financial dealings. Third, accounts surfaced in the national press, derived from a report of January 17, 1979, by the National Bank of Georgia, of which Bert Lance was formerly president, that there had been delays in the repayment of loans made by the bank to Carter's Warehouse. Fourth, *The Washington Post* on March 11, 1979, raised charges that Billy Carter had altered records of the Carter family peanut warehouse and failed

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PRELIMINARY
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LETTERS.

TRUE MAJORITY RULE

Atlanta

Concerning your article by Robert Manning ["The Battle for Zimbabwe," *The Nation*, May 12]:

Black Americans have often complained that we lack having as much influence over the conduct of foreign affairs as do other, ethnic Americans. The just-completed elections in Rhodesia-Zimbabwe present a perfect opportunity to make our influence known.

The nearly 65 percent election turnout gives added ammunition to conservatives in the United States Senate who would like to lift sanctions imposed against the illegal Government of Ian Smith. But the April 21 elections, in which the 96 percent black majority population voted for the first time, are the result of a discriminatory process which guarantees white domination of that country for the next ten years.

In January, the white Rhodesian minority—4 percent of the population—ratified a new Constitution under which the recent elections were held. In early April, the whites voted again—alone—to elect twenty-eight white members of the 100-member House of Assembly. Then on April 21, white Rhodesians voted for the third time, and black Rhodesians for the first, to choose the remaining seventy-two members of their national legislature. Whites could vote for any candidate; blacks only for other blacks.

Finally, the Constitution written and ratified by whites alone requires that for the next ten years, whites will control the civil service, police, judiciary and armed forces.

If your readers are interested in true majority rule in black Africa, they must immediately write or wire their Senators in Washington and President Carter to insist that economic sanctions against Rhodesia be continued.

The latest votes will not stop the warfare that has plagued Rhodesia for more than a decade. Peace will be won there when true majority rule—and true democracy—are enjoyed by every citizen.

Julian Bond
Georgia State Senate

GULF TESTIMONY

Bricktown, N.J.

As a former retail marketer for the Gulf Oil Corporation, I can personally attest to the veracity of James Gannon's remarks relative to that company's policy vis-à-vis its dealer organization ["How Gulf Dealt Its Dealers Out," *The Nation*, Feb. 24].

During the nearly six years that I was employed in that capacity, I was privy to many of the tactics described by the reporter which, in varying degrees of cunning and subtlety, were designed to harass certain undesirable lessees. Also, I was employed at the time that the desire to acquire company-operated outlets reached what I would deem obsessive proportions. Field representatives experienced their own explicit or implicit threats and were subjected to inordinate pressures from management to implement corporate policy by any means short of an egregious violation of the antitrust laws.

The only addendum I would submit to Gannon's article would be an element of compassion for the field personnel who, based on my own limited experiences, were invariably decent and well-meaning individuals who responded to corporate dictates through fear and acted with universal distaste. I can also emphatically assert that, professions to the contrary, the corporate moguls cared nothing whatsoever for the interests of their dealers, the public or their lower-echelon employees other than to the extent that they served their own immediate interests.

Thomas L. Sink

PAPER LIBERTARIAN

Tempe, Ariz.

Philip Green's essay ["America Amok," *The Nation*, Mar. 31] really ought to be answered, if only in defense of the English tongue and the name of logic. Green accuses the editor of *Inquiry* of having no idea "how to spend his money on public health, penal institutions, or mental hospitals, or the construction of dams...." Green thus considers said editor to be guilty of arrogant nonsense in opposing such self-obvious needs as national health insurance. Then Green admits he wouldn't have the faintest idea of how to go about allocating his present income for future needs....

Green is committing a logical inconsistency of high order (and demonstrating arrogance of similar hue) in wishing to have bureaucracies staffed by persons of his own—or lesser—ability, with the authority to plan such grandiose schemes, extort the necessary taxes, counterfeit money as required, and ride roughshod over the public in order to fulfill those plans Mr. Green must really like the performance of the United States Post Office, and really *love* the British National Health Service!

One more item: It really isn't nice to set up a paper libertarian only to knock the stuffing out of him. It wouldn't take much research to determine that libertarians—and libertarian philosophy—do not advocate removal of defined limits of action. In fact, libertarians are about the only ones who have tried to set forth clearly defined principles and limits of actions of individuals—as well as limits for the state. Has Green ever tried to formulate his own beliefs about the powers of individuals and the state in clear, precise statements?...

One last comment: If the collectivist sentiments so often expressed in *The Nation* are self-obviously desirable and inevitable, why do you never express the desire for individuals to be able to drop out and refuse to contribute to, or benefit from, such a man-made heaven? If you could abide that, *then* we might have a measure of individual choice! Or is that kind of democracy abhorrent?

Lannon F. Stafford

Northampton, Mass.

Mr. Stafford's nastiness is, sadly, just what I've come to expect from "libertarians." However:

I want a government to plan for my future for the same reason I'm glad my employer makes a pension contribution in my name instead of giving me the extra income: not being wealthy or a financial expert, I've neither the time nor the information to plan wisely for my own future, and like most people I'm glad not to be confronted with "choices" I can't deal with rationally. Intelligence has nothing to do with it.

Ditto for social programs. The ability of the people who do such work is less important than the fact that they, again, have time and information that neither I nor Mr. Stafford can have. That's called division of labor, and no complex society can exist without it.

The United States Post Office could do a better job if it weren't forced by law to subsidize over a very large geographical area junk mail, magazines, etc., while the United Parcel Service carries the profitable stuff. For really excellent service Mr. Stafford should try the British mails. As to that, I've been ill in the United States and ill in Britain, and Britain is better.

Philip Green

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EDITORIALS.

The Limits Of Prosecution

Attorney General Griffin Bell chose to celebrate Law Day this year with more than the usual platitudes. He announced that Federal prosecutors may no longer bring prosecution "unless the evidence presented would be at least likely to produce a conviction." The Attorney General reportedly regards this as the most important reform of his administration, and in this instance we are happy to second any celebratory puffery that this announcement generates.

Criminal prosecution is a heavy blow to anyone who endures it. Prison, stigmatization, impoverishment, death itself, may befall a defendant, and even innocence is no certain defense. Even a victorious defendant will endure fear and often crushing expense.

The decision to inflict such a blow is largely the prosecutor's—grand juries almost invariably follow his recommendation—and some have been careless, even unscrupulous in their use of this awesome power. One only need recall the baseless prosecution of the Berrigan brothers for "conspiring" to kidnap Henry Kissinger, or the indictment of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War for allegedly plotting to disrupt the Republican Convention. Both cases resulted in acquittals but cost much in attendant time, money and anguish.

Federal prosecutors are, of course, not the only or even the worst abusers of prosecutorial discretion. State prosecutors routinely make "cover charges" of resisting arrest and assault in police brutality cases to frighten off damage suits. One of the most common abuses is to throw the book at a defendant, in order to force a plea to a lesser charge. Bell's directive would end this practice too.

To say that such prosecutors are moved by zeal of

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advocacy, as the Attorney General implied, is being too charitable. The motive is as likely to be careerism, politics or that self-righteous sense of being an avenging angel with divine knowledge of secret guilt characteristic of some prosecutors.

These are powerful drives and unfortunately the Attorney General's proposal will not neutralize them. Aside from the drawback of its applying only to Federal prosecutors, there is the question of how to enforce it. The Supreme Court has refused to allow suits challenging a prosecutor's charge or trial of a case, saying that to do so would interfere with his vigor and fearlessness. Bar associations just don't discipline overzealous prosecutors. Perhaps the Attorney General will institute meaningful self-regulation within the Justice Department, but even self-regulation raises questions of second-guessing a matter of judgment.

As for the local prosecutors, there are only the noble but impotent words of the lawyers' Code of Professional Responsibility, which say that a prosecutor "shall not institute . . . criminal charges when he knows or it is obvious that the charges are not supported by probable cause."

Still, a start must be made so that there are as few occasions as possible for putting legally innocent people through the wringer of a criminal prosecution when the evidence to support a conviction just isn't there. Attorney General Bell is to be applauded for having the courage to admit that there is a problem, and the will to try to do something about it.

Now Barabba?

On the eve of the most costly and important national census in history, the White House is reportedly offering the job of Director of the Census Bureau to market research executive Vincent Barabba, whom Richard Nixon appointed to the office in 1973. Barabba, now head of marketing research for the Xerox Corporation, would replace the ousted Manuel Plotkin, and was appointed by Nixon to the Census Bureau job as a reward for his services during the 1972 campaign when Barabba's company, Decision Making Information Inc., an Orange County, Calif., marketing research firm, performed invaluable services to the Committee to Re-Elect the President.

By the bureau's own admission it undercounted the black population in the 1970 census by at least 7.7 percent—or four times the undercount rate of 1.9 percent for whites. As a result, many leaders of blacks, Hispanics and the poor across the country believe they lost millions of Federal dollars. This situation will only be compounded in 1980 unless a new census director brings with him to the job a strong commitment to improve procedures so that these groups are not again shortcounted.

In 1973, when Nixon announced Barabba's selection, professional groups of economists and statisticians, who objected to the alleged politicalization of Government statistics, raised a loud protest. The president of the American Statistical Association, Prof. Clifford Hildreth, said of Barabba: "Numerous inquiries [had been made] to try to learn something of [his] statistical background. . . . With the exception of Mr. Barabba's brief service on a census advisory committee . . . there was no evidence of statistical training, experience, or contact with the statistical profession." Professor Hildreth urged the appointment of professional statisticians to key posts in the Government ". . . to allay public fears about the extension of political control over professional statistical agencies." The bureau's freedom from politics has become a crucial concern. No longer a mere compiler of statistics, it is, in the words of former census official David Kaplan, "an action instrument which is critically involved in how the national pie—social, economic and political—is cut up."

This time the Carter White House talent search did actively involve the American Statistical Association. An ad hoc committee of the association, including its president-elect, Dr. Margaret Martin, provided a list of ten names for consideration. Among the names was Barabba. Fred Leone, director of the American Statistical Association, said that the list was put together hastily, within a week, and never officially approved by the association's board. Leone declared himself as "very comfortable with the prospect of Barabba's appointment. . . . He did an outstanding job on redesigning the graphics for census materials when he ran the bureau in 1973."

Perhaps more to the point, Barabba remained on the job throughout the remainder of the Nixon Administration and Ford's tenure of office and was presumably involved in planning the 1980 census now underway. Three senior census officials unexpectedly retired this year, well in advance of retirement age, creating a serious administrative and professional vacuum. There is a general expectation among professionals that the 1980 census has the makings of an unprecedented disaster.

It may be too late to restore public confidence in census data, particularly among minorities, the urban poor and the most distressed large cities. It may also be true that we are literally unable to collect valid statistics in this nation with all its complexities and with the current distrust of official agencies. Still, can the Carter Administration find no one better qualified for the job than Barabba, described by *The New York Times* on May 13, 1973, after he first surfaced as Nixon's choice, as "a Republican political pollster and press agent"?

MAE CHURCHILL

Mae Churchill is director of Urban Policy Research Institute, a California public interest organization concerned primarily with the politics of criminal justice. Her most recent publication is Carter's Born-Again War on Crime.

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VARIATIONS

CALVIN TRILLIN

I was naturally irritated to hear that Norris McWhirter, the editor of the *Guinness Book of World Records*, was going around saying that Charlie Smith is not 136 years old but only 105. Nobody likes a nit-picker. One hundred and five is, as my father used to say, no spring chicken; I think anyone who reaches that age can legitimately expect all the recordkeepers to quit counting. McWhirter had come all the way from London to spread these stories about Charlie Smith, and I suppose I'm getting sensitive about the British stopping around now and then to tell us we've added things up incorrectly—like some old schoolmaster who, twenty years after his former pupil has established himself as a novelist, can't resist writing him occasionally to mention a dangling participle. First, some reporter from the *Sunday Times* of London said that Alex Haley missed the sailing date of Kunta Kinte by a century or so, and now this.

It makes me feel that I made the right decision some years ago when I decided against submitting to *Guinness* the only world record I ever personally saw set—the drinking of thirty-four margaritas in Ensenada, Mexico, on May 5, 1964, by an American visitor I'll call Andrew D. Kopkind. There were no ill effects, although it should be noted that Kopkind, normally an even-tempered person, flew into a rage late in the evening when the members of a mariachi band insisted that the number he had requested, "Indian Love Call," was truly not in their repertoire.

As it happens, I had at first been all for sending in Kopkind's record to *Guinness*. I figured I owed the *Guinness Book of World Records* a favor. In the late 1950s, I had found myself in the London bureau of Time Inc., where, having so little experience in the organization that I had not yet even learned how to invert sentences, I was assigned the queries from New York that were considered the most bizarre or frivolous. One week, I was handed one saying that *Fortune* magazine needed to know at once—or "soonest," as the researchers who wrote the cables always said, since they spoke only a sort of pidgin cable-ese—which street in London was the longest street uninterrupted by intersections. There was no indication of just why *Fortune* magazine needed that information soonest. For a while, I tried to imagine the sentence of a *Fortune* story such a fact might fit into ("Sophisticated Londoners have always known, in the way they know that the longest street in London uninterrupted by intersections is Something Street, that the most powerful figure in the Bank of England is the daft but wily Lord Boodle of Gelt"), but the bureau's Old Hand had warned me that such imaginings brought on only acid-stomach and a poor attitude toward one's work. The way to proceed, I knew, was simply to find the fact that was needed and send it to New York soonest, as if the publisher was saying to the directors of the company, gathered in emergency session, "I think I'd have a good shot at keeping this whole operation from going under, gentlemen, if only I knew what street in London was the longest street uninterrupted by intersections."

I couldn't find it. I called the traffic department. I called the street department. I called the sanitation department. The fact I needed soonest, it turned out, was not a fact that anyone had any cause to know.

"Call the McWhirters," the Old Hand told me. This was only a couple of years after Norris McWhirter and his brother, Ross, had begun publishing the *Guinness Book of World Records*—long before the book attained the sort of popularity that sent undergraduates into frenzies of marathon Ping-Pong playing or giant doughnut baking. I had never heard of the McWhirters.

I can't remember which of the brothers answered, but I remember precisely what his first question was after I had presented my problem: "Do tunnels count?" I realized that the Old Hand had steered me right once again. I thought it over for a while. I was in London. The researcher who had sent the query was 3,000 miles away—as far from being able to check my fact as I was from being able to divine her interest in it. "Tunnels count," I finally said. I was told the name of the longest street in London uninterrupted by intersections. The magazine was saved.

In Ensenada, my obvious instinct was to return the favor, and, the morning after Kopkind's feat, I suggested to him that we cable London immediately. He was against it. I was surprised, although it is true that he was not in the best mood I had ever seen him in. "But why?" I said.

"In the first place," he said, "I had only six margaritas."

"Let us not quibble, Kopkind," I said. I was about to leave for the cable office when Kopkind gave me a better reason for remaining silent. He said that being in the *Guinness Book of World Records* for margarita drinking would be like having a reputation as the fastest gun in the West. The young margarita drinkers wanting to make a name for themselves would search him out. Even after years had passed, he wouldn't be able to walk into a bar for a solitary scotch without the possibility that some stranger would saunter up to him and say something like, "I hear you think you can hold a lot of 'ritas, pops." Kopkind, I knew, was not the sort of person who could resist such challenges. He might end up pickled in tequila. I kept the world record to myself. Now, I'm glad I did. Norris McWhirter would probably make a special trip from London to say that, in the opinion of several renowned physiologists who were asked how many margaritas it would take for a man of normal height and weight to get to the point of asking a mariachi band to play "Indian Love Call," Kopkind could have had only twenty-nine. Or six.

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SECOND THOUGHTS

CAREY McWILLIAMS

Thanks to some thorough investigative work by two teams of reporters, *The Los Angeles Times* has illuminated the fatal and unnecessary shooting of Eulia Love, a 39-year-old black widowed mother of three children, by two police officers, one black, one white. Police brutality in South-Central Los Angeles is an old and much-too-familiar story, but the Love case involves complex issues of police insensitivity, execrable judgment, panic and inadequate training.

A strikingly beautiful young woman, Eulia Brown was born in the rural village of Varnado, La. (population 300), where she is remembered as a nice young girl "who gave no trouble." Around 1953, bright-eyed and adventurous, she drove west to Los Angeles with an uncle and aunt. Shortly after graduation from high school—she was a good student—she fell in love with William Earl Love, a cook, and returned to Varnado to give birth to her first child. Later the baby's father brought Eulia and their daughter back to Los Angeles, where the couple were then married.

While looking after her three daughters, Eulia worked part time as a machine operator in a factory, then as a crossing guard for the Police Department. About four years ago, she suffered "a little nervous breakdown" and, for a time, went to see a psychiatrist. To compound her troubles, her husband died in June 1978, a victim of sickle-cell anemia.

One morning, a serviceman came to the house with a "collect-or-shut-off" order from the gas company. When no one answered the door, he walked around to the side of the house and started to disconnect the gas hookup. At this point, Mrs. Love came to the window and there were words. Later she came out of the house, picked up a long-handled garden shovel and swung it at the serviceman and missed. On the second swing, she bruised his arm, cutting a gash below the elbow. The serviceman then departed—for further orders and reinforcements.

In the meantime, Eulia went to the grocery store to cash her monthly welfare checks and, while there, purchased a money order for $22.09, the amount of the current gas bill. The check was found in her purse at the time of her death. Very soon thereafter, two gas company men arrived, having first phoned the police (the radio call to them was a Code 2 call, that is, not urgent). A supervisor from the gas company arrived a bit later and parked across the street at a discreet distance, to view the proceedings. Mrs. Love came out and told the two men she would pay the $22.09, the minimum necessary to keep the service connected, but not an accumulated balance of $69 from the prior year. The servicemen replied that they were not there to collect the bill; they had been instructed to wait for the arrival of the police. Mrs. Love walked back to the house but as she saw the police car drive up she emerged with an 11-inch kitchen knife in her hand. When she raised her arm as though to throw the knife, the officers emptied their pistols, firing a total of twelve shots. Some witnesses said the knife was in the air when the first shot was fired. The coroner's report showed she had suffered eight bullet wounds.

Since then, of course, the case has become a major issue in Los Angeles. The District Attorney has declined to prosecute the police officers, although he concedes that there "remain some significant strategical and tactical questions." Clearly this case involved a distraught woman, suffering from the aftereffects of a minor nervous breakdown, at her wit's end to support three children. But the incident happened in broad daylight, in a residential neighborhood, in full view of a number of witnesses. The knife did not strike either officer. True, they had been told that she had bruised a serviceman with a shovel that morning; but by any rational standard their response was excessive to a degree that indicates panic, faulty training and wretched judgment. For years there have been far too many police killings in South-Central Los Angeles. It is the kind of district in which police officers tend to fire first and ask questions later. But it is doubtful that the officers themselves were racially biased; one was black. The bias was in the setting. Police officers, black and white, sense the hostility toward them that exists in such areas; it is enemy territory as far as they are concerned. Their imaginations must be haunted by a guilty awareness of the unnecessary executions that have taken place in that section of the city. The shadow of the past clouds their vision of the present.

Because of the excellent reporting of *The Los Angeles Times*, a strong editorial, and some savage cartoons by Conrad, the civic feeling aroused by the Love case is not likely to subside. The minimum response would be to establish some kind of Los Angeles police review board—that is, some mechanism by which independent community judgment might be brought to bear on tragedies of this kind. Of course, an independent review board can create problems if it becomes unnecessarily meddlesome; much depends on personnel. But if the police really want to avoid creation of an independent review board, they should exhibit greater understanding and sensitivity in investigating and passing judgment on cases such as the Love tragedy.

Eulia's body was returned to Varnado for burial in Moses Graveyard. "Her funeral was big." Enough people came to fill another church. At the services, her stepfather told reporters: "It just wasn't right, what they did to that poor girl. She never hurt nobody. If they don't do something about it, the Lord will." Maybe. □

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ARTICLES.

KHOMEINI CRACKS DOWN

Making Iran Safe For Theocracy

KAI BIRD

The Iranian revolution has been a disappointment to many of the same people who only three months ago were marching in the streets of Teheran under the banner of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini. And it is not only the secularists who object to what is generally perceived as a rightward drift in the infant Islamic Republic. Even those youthful political activists in the religious camp, particularly the Moslem progressive followers of the late Dr. Ali Shariati, have become disillusioned. In their eyes, Khomeini has already squandered a valuable popular consensus by his willful intervention in political decisions properly reserved for the Provisional Government of Prime Minister Mehdi Bazargan.

Any number of instances can be cited—but none is more ominous than Khomeini's interference in the writing of a new Constitution. First he delayed the publication of a Constitution drafted by a committee of five jurists led by lawyer Abdul-Karim Lahiji. Then Khomeini personally rewrote portions of the document, allegedly to grant the office of the Presidency stronger executive authority at the expense of the elected Parliament. What is more, Khomeini reportedly scrawled in the margins of the Constitution a note that "neither leftists nor rightists" will be eligible as candidates for the 300-member Parliament.

If Khomeini's version of the Constitution is ratified, he and his closest advisers, a clique of ideological conservatives led by Foreign Minister Dr. Ibrahim Yazdi, broadcast chief Sadegh Ghotbzadeh and economist Hassan Bani Sadr, will have succeeded in excluding the democratic left from the political arena. Elections for a constituent assembly to ratify the new Constitution have been repeatedly promised by Prime Minister Bazargan's spokesman. But in an interview with *The Nation*, broadcast chief Ghotbzadeh said that the Central Revolutionary Council might dispense with constituent assembly elections and simply submit the Constitution to a national referendum. If this happens, the left will have no opportunity to amend a Constitution that tightens Khomeini's monopoly of political power.

Critics of the new regime can cite any number of other ill omens. A secret revolutionary tribunal has executed some 200 alleged collaborators with the Pahlevi regime. Iranian feminists have been beaten in the streets while they were protesting Khomeini's retrograde views on wearing the chador. National minorities such as the Kurds, the Turks, the Turkomans and the Baluchis, which constitute nearly 60 percent of Iran's population, have been told that their traditional demands for internal autonomy will continue to be denied under an Islamic Republic. Clashes between Kurds and Government militia have taken hundreds of lives. Similar clashes occurred when Turkoman peasants attempted to seize ancestral lands now owned by retired Persian army officers. Khomeini's armed revolutionary komitehs (committees) intervened against the peasantry and then blamed the incident on the Marxist-Leninist Fedayeen guerrilla group. The Government-controlled radio and television broadcast only those views approved by the still secret Central Revolutionary Council appointed by Khomeini. Some of the newspapers are self-censored by joint komitehs of editors and mullahs (clerics). Newspapers that are still free—such as the mildly left-wing *Ayandegan*—are the targets of hostile mobs led by mullahs.

These eruptions of authoritarianism all have their origin in the ideological conflict between Prime Minister Mehdi Bazargan's Provisional Government and the shadow Government of Khomeini's revolutionary komitehs. The Western press has almost exclusively portrayed the deep-seated ideological dispute as a simple difference between religious and secular partisans. Its fascination with the religious cast of this revolution has caused it to ignore the strong hopes for radical economic reform that the overthrow of the Shah's regime aroused among the country's impoverished majority. The slum dwellers of South Teheran may speak the language of religion, but they are quite obviously not about to be satisfied with promises of eternal salvation.

Already there are rumblings of significant left dissent—witness the recent demonstration by more than 50,000 people in Teheran on behalf of the liberal Ayatollah Mahmoud Taleghani. In fact, nearly all of the postrevolutionary conflicts to date can be attributed to Khomeini's exclusion of socialists, even Islamic socialists, from his network of revolutionary komitehs. "Everyone we sent to the komitehs was denied membership," says Hedayatallah Matin-daftari, the leader of the socialist National Democratic Front and a grandson of Mohammed Mossadegh. "This is only one indication of how well organized are the rightist forces in the revolution."

With the exception of those in the factories, the oilfields or other work sites, the revolutionary komitehs are all organized out of local mosques. Hundreds of these neighborhood komitehs filled the power vacuum in the waning days of the Shah's Government. When the terminal upheavals convulsed the streets of Teheran from February 10 through February 12, people freely entered the abandoned police stations and army barracks. Tens of thousands of American

Kai Bird, assistant editor of The Nation, *has just returned from a two-week trip to Iran.*

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and Israeli machine guns were passed out to neighbors gathered in their local mosques. In most cases the arms were registered by a mullah and their owners given a komiteh identification card—complete with a photograph.

The komiteh system in the city of Kharaj, twenty miles outside Teheran, may be typical. A city of several hundred thousand, Kharaj is today ruled by a central komiteh with some 100 members. The executive komiteh numbers nine men, five of whom are mullahs. Its members were elected from dozens of neighborhood komitehs informally centered in local mosques. The chairman of Kharaj's executive komiteh is the city's leading mullah, and he receives his instructions from Khomeini through the Ayatollah's chief political aide, Dr. Ibrahim Yazdi. There are no workers represented on the executive komiteh; in fact, when workers from the nearby Paykan auto assembly factory petitioned to have one of their number represented on the executive komiteh, the Government intervened to prevent the nomination. "If you were to ask our mullah who represents workers on the executive komiteh," says one disgruntled komiteh member, "he would answer, 'It is I.' "

In the early months after the revolution, the 100-member central komiteh administered municipal affairs in Kharaj. There were subkomitehs to provide free medical service, supervise the armed "nightwatch" patrols, insure the distribution of food from the private stocks of bazaar merchants and to administer a special strike fund from which grants and loans were allocated to striking factory workers. Funds contributed to the mosque were used to set up special Islamic cooperatives where the poor could buy subsidized necessities.

By the end of March, almost all these activities were being phased out, including the Islamic cooperatives. The armed nightwatch patrols have been incorporated into a national militia called the Guardians of the Revolution. They continued to take their orders from Dr. Yazdi even after he was appointed Foreign Minister.

Only the nine-member executive komiteh will remain to supervise a town council and the *firmandhar* (mayor) appointed from Teheran. Thus, political power is very quickly becoming centralized; the Shah's old administrative system is simply being staffed with new appointees. The only difference today is that the local governments will be supervised by the religious leadership residing in Qum through a watchdog *shoura* (council). The only opportunity for the left—or any other political group differing from Khomeini—to participate in the political system lies in the town council. And yet even here, Khomeini's new Constitution may prevent them from contesting these elections.

The left's exclusion to date from the real source of political power, which remains in the komiteh system, provides a revealing insight into who has benefited economically from this revolution. Khomeini may have mobilized an entire nation against the Shah, but it is very definitely the *bazaarii* (bazaar merchants) who have reaped immediate material gains from the revolution. An illustration: a few weeks after the Shah's overthrow, Khomeini issued an edict forbidding the sale of frozen meat. He was quoted on the national radio as saying that frozen meat imported from Europe and Australia had not been butchered according to Islamic law. The price of meat doubled overnight, and some $60 million worth of stored frozen meat was ordered dumped. Bazargan reportedly rushed to Qum and told Khomeini that if he did not rescind his edict, the country, and particularly the poor, would run short of meat. Bazargan prevailed, but in the meantime, local butchers in the bazaar made considerable profits.

Coming Next Week

Christopher Hitchens on the British Elections

The frozen meat business in Teheran had previously been a monopoly of the Shah's brother, and as meat consumption rose in recent years, frozen meat became popular, taking business away from the *bazaarii* butchers who imported live cattle from Turkey and Afghanistan. There are countless similar stories of the nouveau-riche businessmen under the Pahlevis engaging in lucrative import-export ventures that had progressively elbowed out the traditional merchant class in Teheran's downtown bazaar.

The *bazaarii* are determined to regain their share of the economic pie, which explains why the new regime quickly raised tariffs to protect local industry and trade and came down hard on business ventures dominated by foreigners. Last month, for instance, Khomeini banned further imports of fruits and automobiles.

This alliance between the *bazaarii* and the religious leadership could strongly influence the new Government's economic policies. "Land reform is not a priority," says Hassan Bani Sadr, Khomeini's outspoken economic theoretician. Instead, imports of luxury goods will be curtailed while local industry will be encouraged. The construction of high-class luxury apartment complexes in North Teheran will decline, but eventually the tens of thousands of currently unemployed construction workers will be put back to work on middle-class and low-income housing in South Teheran—bordering on the central bazaar.

These are all basic reforms aimed at eliminating the flagrant graft engendered by the Shah's reliance on foreigners. There is a need for investment policies that give priority to Iranian capabilities. "The Shah wasted so much," says one Teheran businessman, "not the least of which was our own talent. When he built a modern highway through downtown Teheran, he insisted on giving the contract to a Belgian firm. He didn't think we could do the job."

It is precisely this renascent nationalism that binds the old *bazaarii* class to the religious camp at the mo-

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ment. The Iranian revolution was, among other things, an anti-colonial revolt, a political coup against a despotic ruler universally perceived as an agent of the Americans. Now that national sovereignty has been restored, economic demands are welling up into the political arena, creating class tensions and eroding Khomeini's revolutionary consensus, a national unity he fervently believes was bought with the blood of 20,000 martyrs. In Khomeini's Islamic Republic, those who challenge that consensus set themselves against the religious community.

Khomeini's own Shi'ite world view has no frame of reference that tolerates dissent. There is a deep contradiction here between Khomeini's theocratic state and the Shi'ite tradition of protest against unjust authority. "For 1,200 years the mullahs have held secular leaders as usurpers of their legitimate temporal powers," says Parviz Owsia, a prominent Teheran lawyer. "The mullahs have always been the dissenters, the martyred ones struggling on behalf of the poor masses against the authorities. But now, in an Islamic Republic, the mullahs will have so implicated themselves with the Government that political opposition becomes anti-Islamic. The traditional channels for dissent have been eliminated."

There are, indeed, some *mujtahids* (religious scholars) who recognize this contradiction and privately protest that only Allah himself can institute a true Islamic Republic—much in the same manner that Orthodox Hasidic rabbis in Israel today refuse to acknowledge the Jewish state. Ayatollah Haj Zayed Reza Nanjani, who as a young man studied with Khomeini under the same tutor and played an important role in Mehdi Bazargan's National Liberation Movement, is said by some to have serious doubts about Khomeini's day-to-day involvement in political affairs. Ayatollah Kazem Shariat-Madari, 82, reportedly has similar reservations.

It is therefore not inconceivable that Khomeini may have already overplayed his hand. It must be remembered that the hierarchy of ayatollahs is largely derived from personal popularity. Khomeini's successful leadership of the revolution against the Shah has gained him a certain inviolability to criticism. But he has already lost considerable support in Teheran by his policy of exclusion of the democratic left. And as unsettled economic conditions breed discontent among the people, as they inevitably will, Khomeini's political authority will become less sacrosanct.

The youthful followers of the late Dr. Ali Shariati, a Paris-educated theologian whose vision of a radical, socialist reformation of Islam galvanized so much of the Shah's opposition, are now emerging as the strongest potential opposition to Khomeini. Posters of Shariati can be seen in the streets of Teheran almost as frequently as those of Khomeini. The most popular of Shariati's lectures, tape-recorded on cassettes and sold by sidewalk vendors, are those in

DRAWINGS BY PETER STEINER

which the theologian warns against the establishment of an Islamic Republic dominated by a reactionary Moslem clergy. Even more disturbing are the reports that the recent assassinations of two of Khomeini's associates, Ayatollah Morteza Motahari and Gen. Vali Ullah Gharani, were carried out by extremist followers of Shariati protesting what they called "a dictatorship of mullahs."

Other signs of discord are visible among urban workers with economic grievances. Unemployed construction workers were recently promised unemployment compensation of more than $128 per month after hundreds held a hunger strike outside the Ministry of Labor. The auto factory workers are still pressing their demands for worker management. "I am not in favor of worker interference in management affairs," says Minister of Labor Daryush Faroohar, complaining about auto workers who have shut out their managers. He adds, "But legitimate trade union activities should be protected." Sources in the national railway workers' komiteh, which represents more than 40,000 employees, predict a wave of strikes within six months unless their demands for self-management and equalization of pay scales are met.

The Iranian revolution has soured the hopes of many who expected so much more in the way of radical economic reforms and a genuinely indigenous, albeit Islamic, democracy. That the leading actors turn out to be flirting with the authoritarian ways of the Pahlevis can only arouse disappointment, but there are other, more democratic actors waiting in the wings. And they have witnessed a revolution that felled a hitherto unchallenged dictatorship. That momentous precedent will not soon be forgotten. □

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OSHA'S BENZENE STANDARD

Lives in the Balance Sheet

EDWARD GREER

In June, the Supreme Court will rule on the most important challenge the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA) has yet faced to its authority over hazards in the work place. It will determine whether the Federal Government will be precluded from further regulation of carcinogens in industry. Simultaneously, the Court will establish a key precedent as to how "cost-benefit analysis" is to enter into judicial review of all administrative agency regulations.

Technically, the issue before the Court is the appeal by Ray Marshall, the Secretary of Labor, from a decision of the United States Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit on October 5, 1978. In this decision, *American Petroleum Institute* v. *OSHA*, the oil and steel industries successfully challenged OSHA's new regulation reducing the permissible work-place concentration of benzene in the air from 10 parts per million to 1 p.p.m.

Benzene, a byproduct of petroleum refining and coke-making, is the twelfth most widely used industrial chemical in the United States. It is involved in the production of tires, plastics, paints, insecticides and many industrial chemicals, and is also employed as a solvent and an additive to gasoline. (Gas station exposures to benzene, however, were excluded from OSHA's regulation.) It has long been recognized as an insidious and unpredictable toxicant.

Due to its volatility, benzene is easily inhaled, and high acute exposures affect the central nervous system and may result in death. Lower chronic exposures affect the bone marrow, leading to a reduction of white-blood-cell production, and, in severe cases, to aplastic anemia. Historically, controls on benzene inhalation were entirely based on these toxic reactions. As early as 1946, private industry's association of industrial hygienists recommended a threshold limit value of 100 p.p.m. As additional evidence of harm at lower concentrations mounted, this threshold was repeatedly lowered. Thus, when OSHA was created in 1971, there already existed what was known as a "national consensus standard" of 10 p.p.m. OSHA is authorized to promulgate routinely such pre-existing "national consensus standards" as legal limits for industry, and this it did with benzene.

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By this time, evidence was mounting that benzene was not only toxic but also caused cancer. Specifically, it was implicated in cases of leukemia (also a disease damaging white-blood-cell production). Nevertheless—and in part because of industry claims that there was insufficient evidence proving causality—OSHA did not respond to this aspect of the problem for several years. Finally, an activist OSHA administrator, Eula Bingham, scheduled an emergency standard of 1 p.p.m. to go into effect in May 1977 and to become permanent six months thereafter. The American Petroleum Institution successfully challenged this temporary standard in the Fifth Circuit, requiring OSHA to go through an elaborate set of administrative hearings in order to adopt the 1 p.p.m. standard as an official and permanent one. The permanent standard was supposed to become effective as of March 13, 1978, but the Petroleum Institute prevailed in its court challenge.

Part of the irony of the complex and detailed medical arguments is that neither side knows how many American workers are actually exposed to benzene and at what levels. While the Government estimates that there are 50,000 workers who are involved with benzene daily on the job and as many as 2 million who have occasional contact with it, no one can say with any assurance that these estimates are even roughly correct. And as to the actual levels of exposure, anyone with the most cursory acquaintance with industrial hygiene practices knows that few industries have been seriously inventoried or monitored. Only 5 percent of American factories have any industrial hygiene programs whatsoever. And despite all the publicity they have received, OSHA inspections are actually a rarity.

Another part of the irony is that legal challenges by industry make the regulatory process more complex and delay OSHA's performance of its task of controlling the 2,000 suspected carcinogens that affect workers. So far the agency has issued only seventeen carcinogen standards, covering only 1 percent of the work force.

Management obviously couldn't be happier with this kind of nonregulation. What is more interesting, though less obvious, is that the effects of OSHA's nonaction are simply not alluded to in any of the calculations made by the exponents of cost-benefit analysis of Federal regulation. Economist Murray Weidenbaum, perhaps the leading advocate of cost-benefit analysis, argues that there should be a balancing test "limiting new regulations to those instances where the total benefits to society exceed the costs." He also asserts that regulations of all sorts cost $100 billion annually and are generally not economically justifiable. Zeroing in on OSHA, he concludes that the regulations already enacted haven't made any perceptible impact on time lost on the job due to illness.

The ideological bias of this kind of reasoning is clear. One wonders if there might not be some measurable gain in occupational health if the other 99 per-

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cent of potential carcinogens were subject to OSHA standards, and if the agency's resources were radically expanded so that it could really monitor compliance. In other words, the problem may well be underregulation, rather than overregulation.

But this is not the kind of cost-benefit analysis that one hears about, which generally has one simple aim: to prove that Government regulation of business on behalf of the workers is unwarranted. Rather, a variety of analyses are retailed, which purport to show that environmental controls are responsible for the declining productivity of American manufacturing. For example, *The Wall Street Journal*, in a recent editorial bemoaning the various regulations of the chemical carcinogen acrylonitrile, asserted that "having to guess when this kind of regulation will strike again doesn't do much for anyone's willingness to take the risks of investment and innovation."

The cost-benefit analysis arguments incessantly repeated by conservative academics and businessmen have evoked a sympathetic response in the White House. President Carter has established a Regulatory Analysis Review Group (R.A.R.G.) to carry out just this kind of oversight of OSHA's proposed regulations—and of other Federal agencies' as well. Already R.A.R.G. has had a chilling effect on agency rule-making by raising objections to regulations that private business thinks would be costly. As an aide to Senator Edmund Muskie bitterly remarked about R.A.R.G., "the real issue is the dismantling of the environmental-protection statutes."

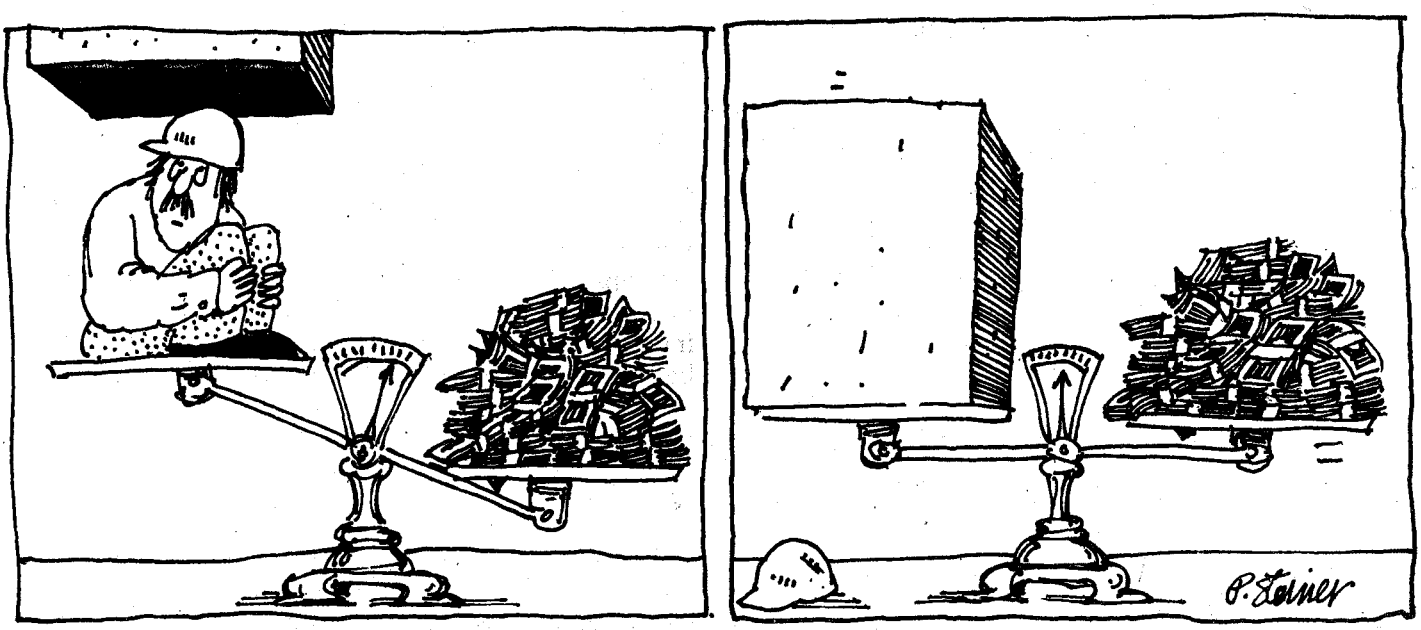
The logic of cost-benefit analysis is infecting the entire public-health sector. For instance, a distinguished panel set up by the National Academy of Sciences recently recommended that the Food and Drug Administration, which is bound by law not to allow any carcinogens in food whatsoever, be empowered to make exceptions by "taking into account such questions as economic costs of banning a substance as well as the potential health hazards to the public."

How such balancing is to occur is of course left unspecified. But a moment's thought will suggest that a public and rational rule-making proceeding by a Government agency requires a common unit of cost-benefit measurement that would apply in a variety of cases. In a limited range of circumstances, such as weighing the potential benefits of a drug against the risks of an adverse reaction, such a procedure is practical, although in even this simplest of real-life situations, as any practicing physician will point out, the information available rarely permits more than an educated guess.

However, when the problem becomes more complex, cost-benefit analysis breaks down as a rational tool of making choices. For instance, in X-ray screening programs to detect breast cancer, the (unknown) therapeutic benefit of early detection has to be weighed against anxiety induced in women falsely picked up as "positive" by the test, as well as the (unknown) additional risk of radiation-induced cancers and mutations in offspring. To make a decision whether to carry out screening programs solely on the basis of the cost per detected case of breast cancer is asinine.

When it comes to even more complex environmental protection regulations, the tendency is to resort to dollars as the common unit of measurement on both sides of the balance sheet. The bottom line is a comparison between the cost of the regulation's implementation and its "value" in lives saved.

Neo-conservative apologists thus write articles denouncing particular regulations as costing too much per life saved—the current favorite being to cite the steel industry's estimate that OSHA coke-oven controls will cost $4 million for each coke-oven worker not killed. But Government leaders should not have recourse to the rhetoric of Social Darwinism. Charles Schultze, the President's chief economic adviser, insists that "The evaluation of costs and benefits is not, and never



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Coming Up in *The Nation*

Arthur Miller on Harold Clurman
Kurt Vonnegut on Mark Twain
E.L. Doctorow on the language of the theater
Robert Aldridge on nuclear communications.
John Dinges on Chilean killer-squads
Norman Birnbaum on NATO at 30
Herman Schwartz on the *Weber* case

has been, a simple-minded attempt to measure benefits in dollar terms, compare them to costs and make some mechanical decision on the basis of comparing the two sums." Such protestations have little meaning, however, until Schultze explains what other common unit of measurement he proposes to use instead.

The decision of the Fifth Circuit in *American Petroleum Institute* v. *OSHA* gives us a pretty good clue, however.

Briefly, in its October 1978 holding, the Fifth Circuit interpreted the Occupational Safety and Health Act as requiring the agency to perform a cost-benefit analysis prior to issuing any work-place carcinogen standard. Specifically, the judges denied that OSHA had been delegated a general power by Congress to make rules intended to curtail job hazards regardless of their cost. Rather, costs had to bear some "reasonable" relation to the benefits, and the only possible way to ascertain this, the court declared, "is to estimate the extent of the expected benefits and costs." While OSHA did set forth an estimate of the costs of its benzene standard (approximately $500 million), it did not show any "appreciable" benefits that would result from reducing the threshold from 10 p.p.m. to 1 p.p.m. Specifically, it did not introduce empirical evidence showing how the proposed reduction would protect workers' health.

OSHA's objection that such a calculation was intrinsically impossible, given the limited knowledge about low-dosage carcinogenic effects, was rejected. In effect, the Fifth Circuit stated that unless OSHA was able to set forth such an estimate and back it up with firm evidence, it could not compel industry to make expenditures for controls.

The legal soundness of this reasoning is questionable. Previously, the Courts of Appeals for the District of Columbia, Second and Third Circuits, approved OSHA's carcinogen standards for asbestos, vinyl chloride and coke-oven effluents on essentially the same evidence. But the Fifth Circuit has been notably unsympathetic to OSHA; and its reading of the intent of the law seems a strained one. Prior to the benzene decision, it seemed clear enough to most legal scholars that the law simply provided that OSHA regulations meet a threshold test of economic feasibility, that is, that they not bankrupt the industry.

If the Supreme Court follows the reading of the other Circuits, it will reverse the decision and uphold the new benzene standard, ordering the Fifth Circuit to conform its interpretation to the rulings of the other Courts of Appeal. Such a decision would be in keeping with the current state of knowledge about cancer-causing agents.

Scientists are still unable to explain the underlying molecular biological processes that induce cancer. And the cruder measures currently available (such as epidemiological studies with all their pitfalls, and inferences from animal experiments) can only yield general predictions of likely harm. To demand a level of proof that is unattainable in the present state of medical research as a prerequisite to imposing controls on potentially deadly industrial processes doesn't make any sense. Nor is the American judiciary duty-bound to subject regulatory protections legislated by Congress to such an onerous burden of proof.

However, because of the Carter Administration's current predilection for cost-benefit analysis, the Government pulls its punches to such an extent that it may undermine its ostensible aim of reinstating the benzene standard. Although the brief—jointly signed by the Solicitor of the Labor Department and the United States Solicitor General—does contend that a cost-benefit analysis is not obligatory, it also avers that the use of this method is discretionary on OSHA's part. And in a footnote, the brief goes on to state that "the President has required that executive branch agencies, including OSHA, perform regulatory analyses for significant regulations, taking into account the full economic consequences of the proposed actions and alternatives."

In a speech this January, Alfred Kahn, President Carter's chief anti-inflation adviser, went so far as to declare that if the courts refuse to permit the Administration to order regulatory agencies to carry out cost-benefit analyses in their rule-making processes, "we'll have to change the laws." The Administration posture thus invites the Supreme Court to overturn the benzene standard. For the Court may well feel that once regulatory agencies begin voluntarily to apply the criteria of cost-benefit analysis, they could be reviewed appropriately by the courts, which will hold them to a high standard of behavior in so doing. Under this line of reasoning, the American Petroleum Institute's plaint sounds less like special pleading and more like a reasonable demand that the industry not be compelled to shell out half a billion dollars on the basis of an OSHA determination made with no evidence of the benefits that would result.

Similarly, the Government's brief makes a very restrained estimation of the consequences of the Fifth Circuit decision, stating merely that it "may well preclude the Secretary from regulating many of the other carcinogens present in the work place." My own view is that the Fifth Circuit's rule effectively kills carcinogen control on the job.

The benzene case illuminates the tendency in our society to value human life by the dollar. It is not an edifying sight. □

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Carter

(Continued From Front Cover)

to make timely payment of $500,000 owed by Carter's Warehouse to the National Bank of Georgia. The fifth charge, a matter of public record in 1976, concerned the extension of $645,997 in credit by the Gerald Rafshoon advertising agency to the Carter campaign. And finally, *The Washington Post* reported on April 8, 1979, that some bank loans to Carter's Warehouse, although due in the winter and spring of 1976, had not been paid back in full until July 14, 1976.

Thus far these separate bits add up to a suggestive, but far from coherent picture. In the following article, bringing to bear additional information, I shall demonstrate how funds may have been improperly transferred from the Carter family business to the Jimmy Carter Presidential campaign. This information also raises new questions concerning the role played by Gerald Rafshoon, assistant to President Carter for communications, in the financial affairs of the campaign.

On December 12, 1974, Jimmy Carter announced his Presidential candidacy. Almost immediately, his campaign committee, the Committee for Jimmy Carter, faced a problem: as of January 1, 1975, it had to comply with the Federal Election Campaign Act, which limited individual contributions to a Presidential campaign to $1,000 and forbade direct corporate contributions altogether.

On January 22, 1975, Bert Lance, Carter's longtime friend and commissioner of the Georgia Department of Transportation when Carter was Georgia's Governor, became president and chief operating officer of the National Bank of Georgia. Although the bank's major experience was in urban lending, Lance soon made Carter's Warehouse in rural Plains, Ga., one of the bank's biggest customers.

Carter nominated Lance director of the Office of Management and Budget in early 1977. But an investigation into Lance's banking activities led to his resignation on September 20, 1977. The main Justice Department probe of Lance has resulted in one indictment, is expected to produce more, and led to the appointment of a Special Counsel to investigate loans made by the National Bank of Georgia to Carter's Warehouse, a partnership owned by Jimmy Carter (62 percent), Billy Carter (15 percent) and Lillian Carter (23 percent).

The key to unraveling the intricacies of President Carter's campaign finances is understanding that $1 million in loans made in 1975 and 1976 by the National Bank of Georgia to Carter's Warehouse for purchasing a peanut sheller and for warehouse construction actually made little or no business sense. The reasons why this is so are explained on page 571, but the upshot is that the sheller purchase may have been a pretext that enabled Bert Lance's bank to loan President Carter's business an additional $5.8 million ($2.2 million in 1975 and $3.6 million in 1976)—ostensibly for buying peanuts to be processed with the new sheller. Actually, the sheer magnitude of these loans may have provided an opportunity to divert some of the money for use in the Carter campaign.

In fact, three separate sources attest that about $500,000 of these National Bank of Georgia loans—and perhaps more—was not properly accounted for on three separate occasions. The first two sources consist of documents that have already come to public light. But the third source's information involves a $500,000 shortage that coincided with the 1976 campaign and thus provides a reasonable and extremely troubling explanation of how National Bank of Georgia loans actually may have found their way into the Carter Presidential campaign.

The first discrepancy arose out of the Carter loan agreement which provided that the National Bank of Georgia would extend loans up to a maximum of 80 percent of the value of the peanuts in the Carter warehouse. In other words, the peanuts represented collateral on the bank loan. As the shelled peanuts were sold, i.e., as the amount of collateral on hand diminished, Carter's Warehouse was obliged under the terms of the loan to pay back the bank.

At the end of 1975 Carter's Warehouse had an outstanding loan of $1,690,000 from the National Bank of Georgia. For this loan to be properly secured, the warehouse should have had $2,112,500 worth of peanuts on hand. But in fact, an unaudited, uncertified Carter's Warehouse balance sheet of December 31, 1975, listed the market value of the peanuts on hand as only $1,499,403—or some $613,097 less than the loan agreement required.

The second public source to confirm another large discrepancy emerged on January 17, 1979, when the National Bank of Georgia Special Committee reported that on June 7, 1977, Robert Flynt, then the National Bank of Georgia's vice president in charge of Carter's Warehouse accounts, wrote Billy Carter to request payment of $500,000 to balance the peanut loan account. The overdue money was needed because Carter's Warehouse had withdrawn $476,000 worth of peanuts from storage without paying for them, meaning that there were no longer enough peanuts on hand to secure the bank loan.

Finally, a third, independent source—a person close to the Justice Department investigation now in progress—says that in the month before the decisive April 27, 1976, Pennsylvania Democratic primary, about $500,000 was transferred from Carter's Warehouse accounts at the National Bank of Georgia to

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Billy Carter's personal accounts in the same bank. Shortly after this transaction, Billy Carter reportedly withdrew the $500,000 from his personal accounts.

Thus, in addition to the two documents already on the public record, now a third piece of the puzzle is offered which also indicates a mysterious $500,000 discrepancy. This new source, whose previous reports on Carter's finances have proven correct, also says that "About $500,000 was redeposited into Billy Carter's National Bank of Georgia accounts in May and June 1976. Justice doesn't know where this money came from, but they were told that the money was then transferred from Billy Carter's personal accounts to the Carter warehouse accounts and then used to repay the delinquent peanut commodity loan."

On March 11, 1979, *The Washington Post* carried a story that quoted Jimmy Hayes (a bonded warehouseman who worked with Billy Carter) as saying that in the spring of 1976 he and Billy Carter repeatedly altered warehouse records; Hayes also said that Billy Carter had failed to make payments totaling $500,000 owed to the National Bank of Georgia. Billy Carter did not sign the overdue checks until June 1976, well after the pivotal Pennsylvania primary. Hayes was subsequently interviewed by F.B.I. agents. Although Hayes later publicly denied the quote attributed to him in *The Washington Post*, no one has previously reported what Hayes told the F.B.I. I can now report that after Hayes talked to the F.B.I., my source told me that Hayes confirmed *The Washington Post* account to the F.B.I.

Hayes has since refused to comment, other than to refer all questions to his first attorney, Ralph Smith of Bainbridge, Ga. Smith, nephew of President Carter's trustee and campaign organizer, Atlanta attorney Charles Kirbo, also refused to comment. Peter Geer, of Albany, Ga., whom Hayes says now represents him, will not comment. Hayes, Sue Chambliss and David Reeves—all former employees of Carter's Warehouse—testified on May 3 before an Atlanta Federal grand jury investigating the warehouse finances.

In mid-January 1979, Assistant Attorney General Philip Heymann of the Criminal Division ordered a fast, thorough investigation of the Carter warehouse finances. In a series of interviews with this reporter, Heymann said that he had ordered his investigators to look into the question of whether money was diverted from President Carter's business to his campaign. When asked on April 5, 1979, whether the department had traced the money withdrawn from Billy Carter's accounts in the National Bank in the month before the Pennsylvania primary, Heymann replied that "the picture of somebody walking away with a satchel of money doesn't fit." When this reporter said that he had not meant to convey the impression that the money was moved in satchels, Heymann indicated that he wished that his earlier comment would not be reported and refused to comment further on the investigation.

The Justice Department's attempt to trace the flow of funds out of and back into Billy Carter's accounts was halted by Special Counsel Paul Curran on March 20, 1979, the day he was appointed, according to my source. When asked whether the F.B.I. was continuing its investigation, Curran refused to comment. When asked whether about $500,000, transferred from Carter's Warehouse accounts to Billy Carter's accounts, was withdrawn from the National Bank of Georgia in the month before the Pennsylvania primary, Curran hesitated a long time and said, "I don't know that." When asked whether the money was redeposited in Billy Carter's accounts in May or June, Curran said he would not comment on each allegation. I asked my source if there could be some explanation for Billy Carter's withdrawing the money other than a diversion of funds to the campaign. The source replied: "If you believe that there's any other explanation you'd have to believe in the tooth fairy."

Jimmy and Billy Carter, Carter spokesman Jody Powell and Charles Kirbo, all of whom have previously denied that the money was illegally diverted from the warehouse to the campaign, as well as Robert Lipshutz, campaign treasurer, and Lillian Carter, were unavailable for comment. John Parks, Billy Carter's Americus, Ga., attorney, refused to comment.

Both the source and a subsequent newspaper account indicated that Curran has in fact instructed the F.B.I. to resume tracing the money. Curran is believed to be focusing on the activities of Carter's Warehouse and Gerald Rafshoon Advertising Inc., of Atlanta, which was the Carter campaign's advertising agency.

The Rafshoon Credit

By May 31, 1976, Rafshoon's agency had extended credit of $645,997 to the Carter campaign, according to documents on file at the Federal Election Commission. The debt had grown during the early months of the campaign; the campaign committee owed Rafshoon $207,000 at the end of February 1976, $176,000 at the end of March and $350,000 at the end of April. The campaign's peak indebtedness to Rafshoon occurred during a period that roughly corresponds to the period from March 23 to May 20, 1976, when a Supreme Court decision halted Federal Election Commission certification of matching payments to candidates and made campaign financing more difficult.

Federal election law prohibits corporations from contributing to Presidential campaigns or from extending credit to these campaigns except in the normal course of business. In an interview, John Murphy, the Federal Election Commission's general counsel in 1976, interpreted the law to mean that if a corporation extends credit far beyond its usual billing cycle, or at a time when a campaign's credit rating is so feeble that no corporation would reasonably extend credit to it, there is a legitimate question as to whether the credit is an illegal corporate campaign contribution. Rafshoon's agency's actions seem clearly to have been outside the scope of normal industry practice. When I asked Harry Paster, senior vice

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president of the American Association of Advertising Agencies, what standard industry practice is in billing political campaigns, he replied: "Cash in advance."

Pennsylvania was the make-or-break primary for Carter. While Arizona Representative Morris Udall spent $217,368 and Washington Senator Henry Jackson spent $167,150, Carter, even though his campaign debt was almost $1 million at that point, spent $472,117—perhaps due to the $645,997 credit from Rafshoon's agency, much of which went toward media buys. Jackson and Udall spent almost all they had and lost. It was in Pennsylvania that Carter virtually wrapped up the nomination.

Robert Lipshutz, treasurer of the Carter campaign committee, who is now Carter's White House counsel, said to me that he does not know and did not ask about the source of Rafshoon's largess. Lipshutz claims that the Federal Election Commission said that the credit extension to the Carter campaign was "permissible." But a spokeswoman at the F.E.C. told me that she could find no record of the commission having told anyone at the campaign committee this. John Murphy, formerly at the F.E.C., said that he is sure there was no formal communication about the credit, and doubted that there was any informal communication.

On December 16, 1978, when I asked about the credit from his firm to the campaign committee, Rafshoon said: "I know what you're working on and you're screwed up." When I asked him where his corporation obtained $645,997 to loan the Carter committee, Rafshoon referred all questions to his attorney, William Stack Jr. of Atlanta. But both Stack and Howard Rothchild, who was an agency vice president at the time, told me they did not know where Rafshoon had obtained the money that enabled his agency to extend credit to the campaign committee. Finally, on January 3, 1979, Rafshoon came up with an explanation to this reporter: his suppliers extended credit to his firm and the firm took little or no profits. But he refused to say which suppliers had extended credit, how much credit each extended or what his agency's net profit margin was.

The explanation that the money came from profits does not hold water. The average net profit of an agency in Rafshoon's class is about 1 percent, according to figures supplied by Paster of the advertising association. If Rafshoon's profit margin was 1 percent of his firm's published 1976 total billings of $7 million, the 1976 net profits would be $70,000 and the credit to the Carter campaign committee would have represented a total of nine years' net profits. If Rafshoon's version is correct, the money for credit extended by the agency to the campaign committee would have had to come almost exclusively from suppliers. One of the agency's major suppliers, however, Williams Printing of Atlanta, which billed that agency a total of approximately $100,000 for campaign committee work, was always paid within thirty to forty-five days, according to John Pope of the firm. Don Sharp, Rafshoon's print production manager in 1976, said to me: "There were no long-term extensions of credit by suppliers." Pat Winstead, production coordinator at the Magus Corporation in Philadelphia, which produced the Carter campaign's television ads, told me that Rafshoon's corporation usually paid within thirty to sixty days.

Given that most of the ad money was spent for radio and TV time, for which stations require cash in advance, it is difficult to understand how credit from suppliers would have provided the agency with the money it needed to pay the broadcasters—unless the suppliers were supplying money (instead of materials). Rafshoon's explanation that the money for the credit came from suppliers and profits appears untenable on both counts. When asked whether the credit extended by his corporation to the Carter campaign committee was an illegal corporate campaign contribution in light of standard industry practice of demanding cash in advance from political campaigns, Rafshoon told me: "I do things differently."

Where did Rafshoon get the money? In April 1976, when the campaign committee's debt to Rafshoon's agency increased by $174,000, Bert Lance came to the rescue. On April 19, 1976, according to a National Bank of Georgia special report and a financing statement, the bank extended Rafshoon's firm a credit line of $155,000 secured by the agency's accounts receivable (including the receivables from the insolvent campaign committee). When asked where he would have obtained the money to extend credit to the Carter campaign without the loan, Rafshoon said: "I don't know."

But the Georgia bank only provided a credit line to the agency of $155,000 (and actually loaned less than that, according to Rafshoon's attorney, Stack). That leaves $490,000 or more unaccounted for (since the total credit to the Carter campaign committee was $645,997)—about the same amount of money that the Justice Department allegedly discovered was transferred from the Carter's Warehouse accounts to Billy Carter's personal accounts in the National Bank and then withdrawn in the month before the Pennsylvania primary.

If Rafshoon's agency did obtain its money from Billy Carter, the cash may have moved in this way: Bert Lance's National Bank of Georgia extended a loan to Carter's Warehouse specifically for the purchase of peanuts to be shelled. A condition of this loan was that receipts from the sale of these shelled peanuts would be used to pay back the bank's loan. However, Billy Carter failed to apply the receipts from the shelled peanuts to paying off these loans, instead transferring around $500,000 from the warehouse accounts at the National Bank to his own accounts at the bank. He then gave this money to Rafshoon, who in turn used it to pay Jimmy Carter's advertising bills. In May and June 1976, after Carter won the Pennsyl-

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vania primary and private contributions, bank loans and Federal matching funds started flowing in, the campaign committee reimbursed Rafshoon's agency. Rafshoon then returned the money to Billy Carter, who redeposited it in his own accounts, and then transferred it to Carter's Warehouse accounts. Then, when there were sufficient funds in the warehouse accounts to cover the checks, Billy Carter repaid the now delinquent National Bank of Georgia loan with warehouse checks. Thus he made up for the $500,000 in checks Jimmy Hayes has said that Billy Carter refused to sign in March and April.

If such a manipulation of funds knowingly took place, Bert Lance, as an officer of the bank, could be charged with a misapplication of the bank's funds, a felony under 18 United States Code section 656. Billy Carter—and perhaps Jimmy and Lillian Carter—might similarly have committed a Federal felony by making a false loan application to an F.D.I.C. bank in violation of 18 U.S.C. 1014. If Robert Lipshutz and Gerald Rafshoon were aware that the National Bank of Georgia's money was being used to pay for the Carter campaign's TV, radio and newspaper ads, then they may have violated Federal election law by participating in what would appear to be an illegal corporate campaign contribution from the bank to the campaign in violation of 2 U.S.C. 441b. Further, everyone involved in this scheme might be charged with conspiracy to violate Federal law under 18 U.S.C. 371.

On February 11, 1979, Billy Carter was scheduled to appear on the CBS news program *Face the Nation*. The appearance was abruptly canceled by Billy Carter's attorney the day before, after Rafshoon's secretary called CBS to say that Rafshoon was "quite upset" and "disappointed" that Billy Carter was to appear. Rafshoon refused to discuss his actions.

On February 23, Billy Carter entered an Americus, Ga., hospital for treatment of bronchitis. On March 6, Billy Carter entered a military facility in California for alcoholism treatment which lasted seven weeks. Coincidently or otherwise, this gave Billy Carter a convenient excuse for avoiding Federal investigators as the three-year statute of limitations on prosecutions of criminal violations of Federal election law during the 1976 spring primaries was about to run out. Then, on or about March 1, 1979, the President, acting through his trustee, Charles Kirbo, paid his brother about $314,000 for some land in Plains, Ga. The net profit to Billy Carter on the sale was about $190,000, according to Don Carter, the Gainesville, Ga., realtor who handled the sale.

In a previously unreported development, Billy Carter on April 25, 1979, as soon as he left the California institution, was briefed in the White House by President Carter in the presence of Presidential aide Hamilton Jordan on the Carter's Warehouse-National Bank of Georgia arrangement in case Curran subpoenaed Billy Carter. My source also said Billy Carter testified before an Atlanta Federal grand jury on May 9, 1979.

The Friendly Investigation

While the press has shown considerable interest in the questionable transactions surrounding Carter's campaign financing, they do not have the legal authority (i.e., subpoena power) to get the necessary documents. Meanwhile, the actions of the Federal agencies charged with enforcing the campaign laws have been characterized by perplexing ineptitude and delay.

Federal Election Commission audits of President Ford's primary and general campaigns were released in March 1978. The Carter primary audit was not released until April 2, 1979. The delay in the release of the Carter audit apparently resulted from inadequacies in the audit and dissatisfaction by the audit staff and the F.E.C. General Counsel's Office with Carter campaign documentation. Also the F.E.C. allowed the campaign committee months to produce requested documents. And the F.E.C. General Counsel's Office delayed the necessary legal work.

F.E.C. General Counsel William Oldaker is charged with determining whether the Carter campaign falsified and doctored campaign books or otherwise violated the campaign laws. (Incidentally, according to *The Rocky Mountain News*, Oldaker, then an Equal Employment Opportunity Commission regional attorney in Denver, was demoted on July 27, 1973, and suspended for nine weeks for falsifying records.)

The Carter campaign committee knew that the F.E.C. would begin an audit of its books on November 15, 1976. On November 10, 1976, the committee filed *amended* reports covering the period from January 1, 1975, to September 30, 1976. The F.E.C. audit staff had done its pre-audit preparation by reviewing the original reports for about one month on the assumption that it would be auditing the original reports. On November 10, the audit supervisors held a meeting to decide whether to reschedule the audit to permit proper pre-audit study of the amended reports or to go ahead as planned. Because staff time had already been committed, the decision was made to audit the *amended* reports with the full knowledge that, as the meeting minutes state, there might be an "audit of 'doctored' reports."

F.E.C. Assistant General Counsel Kenneth Gross was in charge of deciding legal questions facing the audit staff. One such legal question was whether the documentation of the Rafshoon corporation's credit extension to the campaign committee was adequate. Gross worked on the Carter campaign and was associated with campaign treasurer Robert Lipshutz's law firm upon his graduation from law school in 1975. Thus, Gross was reviewing the propriety of a campaign in which he worked and whose finances were controlled by his first employer after law school. When the Rafshoon question was presented to Gross, he instructed the audit staff to drop the matter, according to a source. F.E.C. chairman Joan Aikens said that the F.E.C. audit staff did not review

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the Rafshoon corporation's books because there was no reason to do so (i.e., campaign committee documentation of the campaign's dealings with the advertising agency was deemed to be adequate). Aikens also said that the F.E.C. did not review the books of Carter's Warehouse or Billy Carter. F.E.C.'s William Oldaker said that he told Gross not to work on the Carter audit. When asked whether Gross addressed the legal issue of the sufficiency of the campaign committee documentation of the Rafshoon account payable, Oldaker said he was not sure. Thus, no subpoena of the books of the major account payable of the campaign was deemed necessary. Interestingly enough, there is no mention of Gross in the voluminous audit papers released by the F.E.C. Lipshutz and Powell did not return telephone calls placed to discuss their knowledge and the President's knowledge of Gross's role in the F.E.C. audit of Carter campaign finances. F.E.C. spokesman Fred Eiland, speaking for Gross, said Gross did not address legal issues related to the Rafshoon credit.

As early as June 1977, some would argue, it was obvious from President and Mrs. Carter's Federal income tax returns why Jimmy and Billy Carter should have been called before a Federal grand jury and what they should have been asked. Yet the Justice Department waited until October 25, 1978, to call just Billy Carter before the Atlanta Federal grand jury investigating Bert Lance. When asked on November 22, 1978, about the delay, Walter Barnes, a department attorney on the Lance team, said: "No comment. There are many things I would like to say but the explanations will have to wait until after an indictment. I might not be able to speak even then."

There is an explanation, however. The effective-date section of the Special Prosecutor provisions of the Ethics in Government Act of 1978 allowed President Carter to prevent the legislation from applying

The Bank Loan

The $1 million in loans made by the National Bank of Georgia to Carter's Warehouse made little or no business sense.

According to National Bank of Georgia executive vice president William Green, his bank "will not loan money to purchase an asset when cash flow from the asset will not amortize (repay) the loan unless there are other adequate sources of cash." When the loan was made there were no apparent adequate sources of cash available, aside from Carter's Warehouse income. If the loans were handled normally, the loan officer should have been able to demonstrate that Carter's Warehouse would repay the loan before recommending loan approval.

The Carter warehouse's two sources of profits were from shelling peanuts and nonshelling operations (e.g., rental of warehouse space and sales of farm supplies).

The annual profits earned by Carter's Warehouse from nonshelling operations in 1970-74 were in the range of $72,000 to $81,200, according to Carter's Federal income tax returns. One main source of these profits was rental of warehouse space. However, starting in 1975 when Carter's Warehouse purchased the sheller, the warehouse needed the space for itself and could not rent it. Thus, profits from nonshelling operations could be expected to be significantly reduced in 1975 and later years. Further, the reduced profits would have to be used to support the partners and their families and would not be available to repay the loan.

The construction would have made business sense only if the expected shelling profits substantially exceeded the annual payments due on the loan. But expected shelling profits were *less* than the loan payments.

The annual principal due on the loan was $144,000. The initial rate on the loan was 10.85 percent, prime plus 3.6 percent. The rate was later reduced, for some publicly unknown reason, to prime plus 1.5 percent. National Bank of Georgia executive vice president Gerald Sullivan said a reasonable rate on a "speculative $1 million warehouse loan" was *prime plus 4 percent.*

Carter's Warehouse would thus be paying $108,000 annual interest before it began reducing the principal. The family business needed at least $250,000 per year ($144,000 for principal and, say, $106,000 for interest) just to repay the loan.

Executives at three different commercial peanut shellers in southwest Georgia independently confirmed that the expected net pre-tax shelling profit per ton is $10.

At $10 per ton, the firm had to shell 25,000 tons annually to service the loan.

But, according to Tony Leroy, who manages Carter's Warehouse for its lessee, Gold-Kist Inc., the sheller shells only 600 tons a week "with luck." Assuming a normal twenty-six-week shelling season, the sheller could shell only 15,600 tons. In the 1975 crop year, Carter's Warehouse purchased and presumably shelled 6,700 tons according to Department of Agriculture records obtained under the Freedom of Information Act. In 1976, the Carter warehouse shelled 10,000 tons. In both 1977 and 1978, Gold-Kist shelled 14,000 tons. Further, the Carters did not have the money to purchase 25,000 tons.

In 1975, when 25,000 tons cost $9.8 million, Carter's Warehouse only had a $3 million line of credit and spent around $2.8 million for peanuts. In 1976, when 25,000 tons cost $10.3 million, the business had a $9 million credit line and spent $4.4 million for peanuts.

In short, Carter's Warehouse could not repay the loan from profits.

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to the investigation of his finances until April 24, 1979. The Special Prosecutor bill provided that the legislation did not cover information "related to a matter which has been presented to a grand jury" and which is "received by the Attorney General within 180 days of the date of enactment of this Act."

The bill passed Congress on October 12, 1978. Sometime in the week of October 16-20, 1978, Billy Carter was subpoenaed, according to a Justice Department source. Not until the day after Billy Carter claimed his Fifth Amendment right not to incriminate himself in front of the grand jury did President Carter sign the bill. Thus, he delayed the application of the Special Prosecutor legislation to the investigation of his finances for six months.

Philip Heymann told this reporter that the Carter loans first came to his attention on August 13, 1978, as a result of the Lance investigation. When asked why it took so long to inquire into the loans, Heymann said he did not know. He cited the mammoth nature of the Lance investigation as a possible cause for the delay. Heymann said he was unaware that there had been press attention to the loans as early as November 1976.

Conclusion

Although serious questions had been raised as early as October 19, 1978 (on the *ABC News* report), the Justice Department's investigation of the numerous questionable transactions surrounding President Carter's personal and campaign finances did not really move into high gear until January 1979—after William Safire's question-raising columns—when Heymann ordered the inspection of Carter's Warehouse finances.

Because of the delay in appointing Special Counsel Paul Curran, President Carter and all his men are at the point where the three-year statute of limitations on prosecutions of criminal violations of the Federal election law in the 1976 primaries is about to run out. Prosecutions for banking law felonies, however, have a five-year statute of limitations and are still possible.

The responsibility is now Curran's to conduct a thorough investigation, and find the answers to the following questions, among others:

(*1*) Did the Internal Revenue Service properly audit President and Mrs. Carter's 1975 and 1976 Federal income tax returns? In particular, did the I.R.S. find proof (i.e., canceled checks) that all of the $1 million investment on which the Carters claimed an investment-tax credit was in fact spent on qualified business investments?

(*2*) What did Billy Carter do with the money he allegedly transferred from Carter's Warehouse accounts to his own accounts in the National Bank of Georgia and then withdrew before the Pennsylvania primary?

(*3*) Where did the advertising agency then owned by Gerald Rafshoon obtain the money it used to extend credit of $645,997 to the Carter campaign committee, including large sums for radio and TV time and newspaper space?

(*4*) When campaign treasurer Robert Lipshutz authorized repayment to Rafshoon's agency for the credit it had extended, did he know that Rafshoon may have intended to use this money to repay the Carter's Warehouse loan?

(*5*) Did Lipshutz and/or President Carter know where Rafshoon obtained the money that made the advertising credit possible?

(*6*) Did Lance know that the sheller-warehouse construction loan by his bank was dubious? Did the construction loan or the peanut loan constitute a misapplication of bank funds?

(*7*) Did Billy Carter withdraw money from Carter's Warehouse accounts just before the Pennsylvania primary instead of repaying the bank's peanut loan, and did Lance know about it?

(*8*) What was Gross's role in the F.E.C. audit of the Carter campaign committee books? If the role was improper, what was Lipshutz's role in placing Gross in the key F.E.C. position to control the Carter audit?

(*9*) What role was played in this extraordinary sequence of events by Attorney General Griffin Bell and his former law partner, Charles Kirbo?

(*10*) Did the March 1, 1979, payment of about $314,000 to Billy Carter by his brother's trustee (Kirbo) constitute an attempt to buy Billy Carter's silence and thus to obstruct justice?

As the evidence presented in this article strongly suggests, these questions have reached the flash point of scandal. Even worse, perhaps, than the campaign financial irregularities themselves, is the possibility that with the complicity of close Presidential associates and complacent Federal investigatory agencies, what we have is yet another cover-up.

The evidence presented here goes deeper than what the press has vaguely and too glibly dubbed "Peanutgate." What it appears to constitute is nothing less than a prima facie case that funds from Bert Lance's bank were illegally used in the Carter campaign. If he had lost, candidate Carter could have expected that the alleged irregularities would have vanished in the post-election mists. If elected President, however, he could expect to assume control over the investigatory apparatus of the Government and control its inquiries. Can this really have happened so soon after Watergate?

Now, an independent Special Counsel has been appointed who is charged with uncovering the truth. Although hobbled by an inability to offer potential witnesses immunity from prosecution without Justice Department approval, Paul Curran has been invested with a public trust to seek the answers to the questions that the evidence insistently raises. One hopes he is able to provide them sooner rather than later.

On the night of December 12, 1974, when he announced his Presidential candidacy, Gov. Jimmy Carter said: "There are a lot of things I would not do for an office or honor in the world." Now it is vital that the people know just what he did do in pursuit of the Presidency of the United States. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Poems of a Lifetime

JOSEPH CARY

"A". *By Louis Zukofsky. University of California Press. 826 pp. $16.95.*

In its wisdom the publisher is pushing Hugh Kenner's judgment that "*A*" is "the most hermetic poem in English, which they will still be elucidating in the 22nd century." *They* of course will be the descendants of Prof. Hugh Kenner and long may they thrive. In the meantime such a distinction is not likely to start a stampede to the bookshops of our postmodern day. Nor is it one, I think, that the poet himself would have coveted. Granted that his verse is, in Ezra Pound's phrase, "more thoughtful than toffee-lickers require," Zukofsky's own words seem more apropos: "the poem of a life—and a time."

I have been reading away at "*A*" since Doubleday brought out an edition of its first twelve sections—there are twenty-four in all and Zukofsky called them movements, emphasizing in this way his musical intention—in 1967. I have found it alternately and in no special order strange, beautiful, mad, touching, unreadable, readable, elusive, fascinating. Now that I have all 800 pages in hand (plus an "Index of Names and Objects" compiled by the poet) I see no reason to change my mind—except to say that in sum I respect and am moved by it all . . . the labor of one quiet, stubborn, possessed man's lifetime. It is a big poem in all senses.

Louis Zukofsky (1904-78) was born on the Lower East Side of Manhattan, the son of Jewish immigrants from Russia. His first language was Yiddish—as a bright bookish child he read *Prometheus Bound* and *Hiawatha* in Yiddish translation—and the fact that English was an acquired tongue learned in public school may help account for his hypersensitive ear in matters of verbal pitch, duration, consonance and what he thought of as "number." He took his M.A. at Columbia University at the age of 20 with a thesis on Henry Adams, for whom this first-generation American felt a curious affinity—Melville would have called them both *isolatos*. Thereafter, with intervals of technical writing for industry and government, he made his living teaching college composition and literature, chiefly at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn. He lived for more than thirty years in Brooklyn Heights; following retirement he moved first to Manhattan, then to Port Jefferson, Long Island, where he died.

Joseph Cary is the author of Three Modern Italian Poets: Saba, Ungaretti & Montale *(New York University Press). He teaches English at the University of Connecticut at Storrs.*

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Very little indeed of this would be included in any autobiographical account composed by Zukofsky himself. For him the events of his life were plain and simple: his family (his parents; his wife, composer and sometime collaborator Celia; his son, the violinist Paul) and his writing (for a basic bibliography see above). His writing made him friends, mostly readers of the "little" magazines and presses hospitable to him, mostly poets like himself, mostly readers and writers who lived elsewhere and kept in touch by mail. (One looks forward to Marcella Booth's promised edition of the Zukofsky letters.) Pound "discovered" and sponsored him in the late 1920s, helped fund his first trip to Europe in 1933. Through Pound he met Williams, a lifelong friend who wrote an introductory essay for the first (Japanese) edition of "*A*" *1-12* and appointed him his literary executor; "*A*"-17 is a little anthology and testament of their friendship.

It was Williams who wrote Zukofsky in 1928 that, with the exception of one recent piece, his "early poems, even when the thought has enough force or freshness, have not been objectivized in new or fresh observation." Williams's urging of objectivity may well have been responsible for the name of the little group of poets—Reznikoff, Oppen, Rakosi, Rexroth, Zukofsky, et al.—that at Pound's instigation took over Harriet Monroe's *Poetry* of February 1931 for an "Objectivist" issue and the next year published, from France, *An "Objectivists" Anthology*, both texts edited and introduced by Zukofsky. The one poem exempted from Williams's general charge was also picked up by Pound for publication in his overseas magazine, *The Exile*. It is about 100 lines shorter than *The Waste Land* (which in part it parodies), has—like that poem—helpful-cum-facetious notes, is divided into six "movements" and titled "Poem Beginning 'The.'" Written in 1926, it provides the best possible introduction to "*A*", begun two years later.

Partly a put-on of the modernist poem it also means to be, "'The'" comes fitted out with numbered lines, an exegete's delight. But while Eliot's notes were an afterthought and postscript, Zukofsky's are positively flaunted: a massed squadron of sources and line references confronts one just beneath the title at the threshold. They are arranged alphabetically, beginning with A (a dedication "to Anyone and Anything I have unjustifiably forgotten") but not ending in Z for Zukofsky because Zukofsky has already ranged himself under M for Myself. Some of the citations are straight, others teasing; to Dante, for example, is credited line 66: " 'Tis, 'tis love, that makes the world go round and love is what I dream"—a shrewd half-truth. Among other things, " 'The' " is a funny poem but along with the horseplay a central recognition is in the making: that the past, muffled and modified as it well may be, persists in the present; that its voices are neither lifeless souvenirs nor literary grace notes but presences that shape—remind, rebuke, foster—the living; that "my" voice therefore is not mine only, since others speak through me. The same point is made, of course, in *The Waste Land* and the *Cantos*, but in Zukofsky's case it is complicated by

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the fact that he speaks an acquired tongue and so, in assuming the language of "strangers," is disloyal to his own. The autobiographical fifth movement, addressed to a mother who cannot understand his English, puts the matter with uneasy irony as a kind of Shylockian conspiracy:

> Assimilation is not hard,
> And once the Faith's askew
> I might as well look Shagetz
> just as much as Jew.
> I'll read their Donne as mine,
> And leopard in their spots
> I'll do what says their Coleridge
> Twist red hot pokers into knots.
> The villainy they teach I will execute
> And it shall go hard with them,
> For I'll better their instruction,
> Having learned, so to speak, in their
> colleges.

Caught between the claims of a small world and a larger, an old world and a new, past voices and an unsounded future, the protagonist of " 'The' "—very much Louis Zukofsky—struggles to join and heal his divisions in a single song; this in fact is the plot of the poem. And its resolution--very tentative and conscience-hounded (the author is 22)—is phrased toward the end in the words of Peer Gynt:

> I must try to fare forth from here.
> I do not forget you,
> I am just gone out for to-night . . .

The story of this faring-forth, from 1928 almost to the death a half-century later, is the burden of *"A"*.

As the high-spirited " 'The' " began with *the* ("The/ Voice of Jesus I. Rush singing/ in the wilderness") so the soberer *"A"* begins mid-Depression with *a* ("A/ Round of fiddles playing Bach"). "A case can be made out for the poet giving some of his life to the use of the words *the* and *a*," wrote Zukofsky in 1946, "both of which are weighted with as much epos and historical destiny as one man can perhaps resolve." My dictionary says that *a* "connotes a thing not previously noted or recognized, as contrasted with *the*, which connotes a thing previously noted or recognized." The indefinite *a*, then, seems to be the correct article for faring, seeking and perhaps finding, the right sign for a poem in and about process, as *"A"*.

The process begins on April 5, 1928 with a performance of the *St. Matthew Passion* at Carnegie Hall and ends decades later with a "masque" prepared by Celia Zukofsky, a five-part score with Handel's *Pièces pour le clavecin* (the musical notes reproduced on the page) as one "voice," excerpts from her husband's various writings—criticism, drama, fiction, *"A"* itself—to be spoken, not sung, as the others. In between (I quote from Zukofsky's own gloss on his term "objectivist") are "things as they exist and as you sense them and think them . . . put . . . into a shape that, apart from your having lived it, is now on its own."

I find it difficult to give a sense of the shape as an objective whole but some of his "things," from *a* to *Zion*, are listed in an index at the back of the book. Others, unindexed but logged in my memory, include: the contents of a writer's desk drawer, depression (both economic and psychological) and recovery, Valentine's Day as a day of reckoning, the attendance of spirits at the summons of love, the scale of a "nuclear" family of three, the flickering vision of a comprehensive music ("One song/ Of many voices") linking history and myth or the casual and the permanent, the finding of a lost child, words as sounds as much as sense, song's physical sensation, the longest meditation on record, the autobiography of "Anybody, but a particular Anybody."

I have two further impressions. The first is of a passion epitomized in a frequently quoted sentence from Plato: "If number, measure and weighing be taken away from any art, that which remains will not be much." In other words, no verse is gratuitous or "free" for Zukofsky, and *"A"* is a manual of ways and means of measuring, timing and counting out one's holdings. The second is of what might be called a cult of recurrence. "All art is made, I think, out of recurrence," he once said. "Each writer writes one long work whose beat he cannot be entirely aware of. Recurrences follow him, crib and drink from a well that's his cadence. . . ." Pound noted long ago that *"A"*, like the *Cantos*, is an experiment attempting a fugal structure in poetry: theme, response, counter-subject, return and so on. Bach's words for the crucified Son of Man in *"A"*-1 find a modified repeat in Zukofsky's mourning for the boy Ricky in *"A"*-3 and the threnody for Kennedy of *"A"*-15; *"A"*-9 takes up the various voices of Cavalcanti, Marx and a mathematical formula derived from modern physics to help shape a song about labor and value. The poet's note at the close of Celia's masque—his poem's last words in fact—may be read as a wish and a key for us:

> the gift—
> she hears
> the work
> in its recurrence.

The work in question—an "object" of 826 printed pages, 8¼ inches by 5½ inches by 1½ inches in size and weighing 2¼ pounds—is now for the first time available in its entirety. Its place is in the great line of American personal epic begun in *Song of Myself* and stretching through the *Cantos*, *Paterson*, *Notes Toward a Supreme Fiction*, *Maximus* and *The Dream Songs*.

It should be read. □

A Matter of Conscience

SYDNEY LEA

PRAISE. *By Robert Hass. The Ecco Press. 68 pp. $7.95.*

In "Santa Lucia," one of the numerous affecting poems in his book, *Praise*, Robert Hass writes:

> Streaked in the window, the city
> wavers
> but the sky is empty, clean. Emptiness
> is strict; that pleases me. I do cry out.
> Like everyone else, I thrash, am
> splayed.
> Oh, oh, oh, oh. Eyes full of wonder. . .

Although he is drawn to an almost Oriental emptying of the mind's vessel, *still* he cries out, sees and touches. The passage suppresses the adverbs I have added, because Hass cannot feel comfortable with portentous dialectic. He hovers between abstraction and sensoriness, or slips imperceptibly from one to the other, as if to opt exclusively were to fake authority.

There is much to admire in *Praise*—the handling of line, the discovery of the praiseworthy even in the ugliest prospect, perhaps above all the keen understanding of form (no student of contemporary poetry could do better than to read the volume at hand together with Hass's brilliant essay on poetic form in last summer's *Antaeus*)—but what is thoroughly *moving* here is the lack of pretense. And the conscience.

Hass's conscience manifests itself variously. It is clear in the book's first poem that this is not one more American writer congratulating himself on the power of his imagination to produce just the right attitude toward life and art. "Heroic Simile" refers to the death in *Seven Samurai* of Kurosawa's swordsman, who "fell straight as a pine." Then, as if in parody of those who insist

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n imagination-as-redemption, he con-ises his own simile with fact, pictur-ig the woodsman who will saw and ack the pine. Yet

They are waiting for me to do some-thing
or for the overseer of the Great Lord
to come and arrest them.

he poem finally admits that "There re limits to imagination." Words will ot call a pack animal or a wagon into ctual being, and "the path from here to hat village is not translated." In a cu-ious way, the poet has slipped back rom imaginative simile to conscious-ess—and conscience—of the hard orld. A hero's death may be *likened* to tree's collapse, but "A hero, dying,/ ives off stillness to the air." Peasants ay be *imagined* as carving a mythic ree, but myth doesn't allay the oppres-ion of feudal superiors, nor does it do he peasantry's backbreaking work. To eg the moral issue here by appealing o imagination is therefore corrupt translation," the carrying of sweet fic-ion into the suffering world.

The political dimension of that last letail is intentional. In a much-quoted emark (incorporated by Stanley Ku-itz into the preface to *Field Guide*, vinner of the Yale competition in 973), Hass said that "feeling human vas a useful form of political subver-ion." But that was in the 1960s. Who in hat context of social and political tur-noil would gainsay the sanity of Hass's mpulse toward reality and fellowship, is against the prevailing hypocrisy and nurder?

As Hass was drawn in his first vol-ume to celebrate, for example, "Sour-dough french bread and pinot chardon-nay," so here occasionally he emerges

where the juniper
is merely juniper and there is the smell
of new shingle, a power saw outside
and inside a woman in the bath,
a scent of lemon and a drift of song . . .

But he seems now to understand that he quintessentially human act of *Field Guide*, naming, cannot call such bless-ngs into actual existence for himself, et alone for a Chilean, an Ethiopian, a efugee Arab. "All the new thinking is bout loss," he says in "Meditation at agunitas." Though by instinct he re-ists the implications of such modish-ess, he must take account of such of its hilling notions as "a word is elegy to vhat it signifies." Yet, picking and eat-ng blackberries here, he must also ense that Lacanian austerity betrays a articularism at least equally "true": Such tenderness, those afternoons and evenings,/ saying *blackberry, blackber-ry, blackberry.*"

It's again a matter of conscience, a recognition that no prescribed attitude or world view *can* be pure truth:

Not melancholy:

The shadows of late afternoon and the odors
of honeysuckle are a congruent sad-ness.
Everything is easy but wrong . . .
—"Old Dominion"

Not the sublime:

Ah, love, this is fear. This is fear and syllables
and the beginnings of beauty. We have walked the city,
a flayed animal signifying death, a hy-brid god
who sings in the desolation of filth and money . . .
—"Sunrise"

Not mystical renunciation:

Notice
in this poem the thinning out
of particulars. The gate
with the three snakes is burning,
symbolically, which doesn't mean
the flames can't hurt you . . .
—"Like Three Fair Branches From One Root Deriv'd"

Not, to come full circle, particularist celebration:

. . . the breads, antipasto, the mush-rooms and salad
arranged down the oak counter cleanly. . .
She carved meat
and then she was crying. Then she was in darkness
crying. She didn't know what she wanted.
—"The Feast"

Hass, if tentative for all reasons by now indicated in insisting on what *he* wants, knows what he does not. In an ironic tableau of Monticello, he notes the con-flicts among the worlds of nature, so-cialization and intellectual abstraction:

Snow is falling
on the age of reason, on Tom Jefferson's little hill & on the age of sensibility.
. . . Jefferson, if he isn't dead,
has gone down to K-Mart
to browse among the gadgets;
pulleys, levers, the separation of powers.
. . .
I don't want the powers separated.

An ideal floats in the faraway of *Praise*, the domain which promises marriage of myth and thing, subject and object, individual and just com-munity, intellect and imagination. This is not new. What is, if not new, excit-ingly unusual in this splendid collection is a voice honest enough to articulate the thorny aesthetic and moral issues raised by any approach to the dream-domain.

A longer notice would, among other things, celebrate *Praise*'s master achievement, its long final sequence, "Songs to Survive the Summer." It would also dwell lovingly on the sure taste of Ecco's designers, who have made this book a thing of beauty as well as of wisdom. □

Claret, Port And Brandy

STEVEN MADOFF

THE VERMONT SUICIDES. *By Roger Weingarten. Alfred A. Knopf. 90 pp. $3.95.*

Speaking of claret, Samuel Johnson noted with his usual force that "a man would be drowned by it before it made him drunk." The Doctor continued, "Poor stuff! No, sir, claret is the liquor for boys, port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy. In the first place, the flavor of brandy is most grateful to the palate; and then, brandy will do soonest for a man what drinking *can* do for him."

It is characteristic of both wine and poetry that they may transport the senses with difficulty or ease, to jarring or pleasurable effect. So it can be said of Roger Weingarten's latest volume, *The Vermont Suicides*, that his lan-guage produces a variety of liquors, and that we are offered in degrees our claret, port and brandy.

Indeed, Weingarten's poetry is dizzy-ing by its very nature. He, like his close colleague Norman Dubie, is a narra-tive poet. Both poets have a taste for historical fantasies, often using histori-cal backdrops to give their extraordi-nary plots and characters a kind of surreal veracity. Other of his poems offer histories entirely fabricated with fabulous events and persons. But unlike Dubie, whose poems achieve their pow-er through the display of a select number of exotic occurrences and per-sonalities, Weingarten almost merci-lessly offers up an unending array of outrageous and intricately whirled plots.

One quite naturally feels, as the de-tails of poems deliriously aggregate,

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that Weingarten's world is essentially inebriated. His creations are so heightened, so evidently incredible, beautiful and skewed from pedestrian perception, that one must walk slowly through each landscape, pay close attention and stay clearheaded, so as not to smack into some dizzying transition and be potted for the rest of a poem. In "The Traditional Form of Music Is a Bird," the poem moves from the author's waking at home to a description of a lightning storm three months earlier and from there, to a description of the animals outside the house and a worker named Abe Miller. Abe Miller's acquaintance with the poet's great-uncles in Czechoslovakia then provides more narrative shifts and includes a footnote concerning the poet's grandfather, father and brother. The poem eventually returns to the general environs of the house and to this most hilarious, but bewildering conclusion:

> . . . While a choir of Short-Eared
> Critics, and other placental flying
> animals, hang
> by their toes from a branch installed
> above it all behind a curtain, giving
> themselves
> an upside-down standing ovation,
> their wings folded
> into an opera cape over a plaid
> cummerbund. Bravo.
> Encore. Bravissimo.

At times in "The Traditional Form of Music Is a Bird," the poem simply cannot support the fragmentation of images and the result is dazzling incoherence. To be sure, it is Weingarten's frenetic syntax, so often employed in these poems to condense description and to give the sense of a nearly explosive vitality, that makes us gulp images down. While some critics have applauded the poet's vivacious pace, I am bothered by the indiscriminateness it causes in the reader. As with claret, we can nearly drown in the deluge of details, but such abundance only dilutes the potent imagination of the poetry.

While many poems have moments of uncontrolled energy, Weingarten frequently achieves a moving intensity while sustaining coherence. "The Flight of the Stonecutter," "Costumes in the Forbidden City," "Bondage: for the Olympic Streaker," the entirety of "Waltzing Roger's Vision," "Diptych Entitled All Face the Gold Lady" and the last section, "The Tale of the Green Rose," all have a way of shifting focus while remaining true to a central theme. The exuberance and dexterity with which Weingarten does this is unlike anything else in contemporary poetry, resembling instead French authors such as Lautreamont, Breton and Roussel. He has their inventiveness and their mercurial habit of switching subjects organically, that is, by developing each subject that appears in the course of the text, rather than by following a straight-line sequence of events. Weingarten walks around his themes, revolving the landscape, chronology and list of characters which each in turn adhere to his central study. Often, his revolutions are striking and, with assiduous reading, emerge into an understandable pattern.

When Weingarten has triumphed in the agon of his syntax, we drink nothing but brandy. But it is only in the final section of the book, and only then in "Will-o'-the-Wisp in the North East Kingdom," "Ambassador Lanes," "A Glass of Burgundy," "Of Another Life" and "The Russian Hour" that the poetry is truly transporting. Here, the coherence is as well maintained as in "The Flight of the Stonecutter" and the imagery is more startling for its ability to be at once outrageous, characteristically revolving, and devoted to the description of a single theme through several narratives: his love for a woman called Deborah.

Of course, as Dr. Johnson would have it, brandy is the very genius of liquors But perhaps he would admit that an wine of singular bouquet, though not t brandy's degree, has a certain delight And when we find in front of us that su perlative dram, we have good reason t relish it, knowing that here we hav poetry that can do for us what poetr really can. □

The P.E.N. American Center will honor three prisoners (in absentia) for their prize-winning poems at a reception on Wednesday, June 13, at 8 P.M. at P.E.N. headquarters, 47 Fifth Avenue, New York City. The following is one of the prize-winning poems:

DIRTY JOKE

every sunday
in the state prison
convicts flock to church
strange as wasps
to flypaper
protestants first hour
catholics second

old man jackson attends both
knowing what a wrong choice
means

all he has in the world
is the crippled sparrow
found in the yard last fall

everyone mocks him
wing never healed right
dumb bird can't fly

but jackson thanks god
twice
every sunday

D.L.Klauck

Lowell Offstage

JOEL SCHECHTER

THE ORESTEIA OF AESCHYLUS
Translated by Robert Lowell. Farrar Straus & Giroux. 129 pp. $8.95.

A few poets have been welcome in American theater: Shakespeare, ancient Greeks, Jacobeans. But poets residing in the United States find their plays relegated to universities, churches and lofts. Robert Lowell's extraordinary trilogy, *The Old Glory*, had its première in a Manhattan church known as the American Place Theatre after the manuscript had been rejected by a number of New York's more conventional playhouses and producers. Another beautiful Lowell trilogy, his translation of *The Oresteia*, was completed for Lincoln Center which then declined to stage it. No wonder that he (not to mention Stein, Cummings, Koch and Ashbery) infrequently wrote for the stage.

Lowell reworked the Aeschylean drama several times during his life. His adaptation of *Prometheus Bound* opened at the Yale Repertory Theatre in 1967, despite unpublicized efforts by Lyndon Johnson to cancel a National Endowment grant backing the production; it was probably Lowell's anti-war stance, not the Aeschylean portrait of tyranny, that disturbed Johnson. The production won praise from other quarters, and Aeschylus seemed to have found a new, distinguished voice in Lowell. His translation of *The Oresteia* merits at least as honorable a production as the *Prometheus*.

Lincoln Center's rejection of his *Oresteia* must have greatly disappointed Lowell. His work was discussed but not staged by three different Lincoln Center regimes. In the early 1960s Elia Kazan and Robert Whitehead encouraged him to translate the trilogy for

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heir newly formed Repertory Theatre. At that time, Lowell had completed two-nirds of it, all but *The Furies*, which vas finished in 1977 after some prompt-ng from another Lincoln Center direc-or, Joseph Papp. Papp then decided to roduce Edith Hamilton's translation f *The Agamemnon* instead of Lowell's. ccording to Papp (*The New York imes*, July 23, 1978), Lowell was "ter-ibly hurt" and "mortally wounded" by he decision.

It took more than a decade for Lowell o finish translating *The Oresteia*, and he reasons for his delay are not en-irely clear. Herbert Blau, who read the ncomplete translation at Lincoln Cen-er when *he* was director there (after Kazan), told me that Lowell was unable o reconcile himself to the original end-ng of the trilogy. Blau used to jest with owell about the latter's inability "to ccept goddesses of grace." Eventually owell cut some of the play's closing ines, muting divine beneficence. Why nyone thought they had to wait until owell had finished *The Furies* before roducing the two other plays without heir sequel is another question; Joseph Papp certainly did not think it neces-ary when he produced Hamilton's ranslation of *The Agamemnon*.

Now that Lowell's translation can be read if not seen on stage by the general public, literary history may vindicate him; his translation is superb. Its lan-guage is simpler, more graceful and better suited for the contemporary stage than either Hamilton or Rich-mond Lattimore's. Freed of the archa-isms, flat spots and contorted sentence structure that mar other translations, Lowell's poetic dialogue is charged with immediacy and bite; it begs to be acted. Consider the difference between Lattimore's translation and Lowell's in the scene of Agamemnon's homecom-ing:

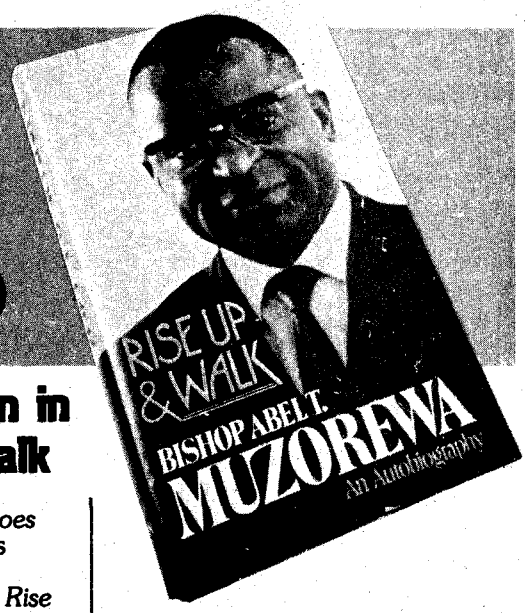
> He comes, lord Agamemnon, bearing light in gloom
> to you, and to all that are assembled here.
> Salute him with good favor, as he well deserves,
> the man who has wrecked Ilium with the spade of Zeus
> vindictive, whereby all their plain has been laid to waste.
> Gone are their altars, the sacred places of the gods
> are gone, and scattered all the seed within the ground.
>
> —Lattimore

> After ten years, Agamemnon is returning
> like the heat of summer to this cold land.
> He fought in our lines like a soldier. Welcome him.
> He is the man who smashed Troy, and buried the Trojans with the shovel of Zeus.
> Their fields are scorched. Their houses are rubble.
> Their seed has been wiped out from Asia.
> Welcome, Agamemnon.
>
> —Lowell

Lowell's eloquence here consciously evokes military devastations of the past decade. Reading his Aeschylus one is almost tempted to regard the work as his own poetry, and not as a translation. Anguish over war, injustice and mar-riage is of course part of the Greek texts too, but Lowell turns Aeschylus into his and our contemporary as no previous American translator has. His lines, es-pecially in *Prometheus Bound*, read more like splendid "imitations" or im-provisations on Aeschylus than the usual scholarly renderings of Greek.

As in his own poems and plays, my-thology provides a framework for ech-oes and images of recent national distress: war, assassinations, political scandals. Yet these resonances should not be overstressed. As a translator

Abingdon Author New Prime Minister of Zimbabwe (RHODESIA)



Details aims and hopes for his nation in new autobiography, Rise Up and Walk

United Methodist Bishop Abel T. Muzorewa of Zimbabwe (Rhodesia) has suddenly been catapulted into international prominence. To many of that country, he represents the wave of the future—a unifying spiritual and political force all wrapped into one man. To others (most notably, those of the nationalist guerilla fronts), he is a puppet who has sold out to the white minority.

Just who is he, and what *does* he stand for? Abingdon was recently honored to publish Muzorewa's autobiography, *Rise Up and Walk*. It reveals a man possessed of profound spiritual insight, mixed with progressive political ideals. Will a free Zimbabwe be truly free? Says Muzorewa, "We seek for a transfer of power from the small white minority to the African majority which will enable persons of all races to live in peace and dignity one with another." **Cloth, $9.95**

"This is an important historical autobiography. It intimately reveals the shaping of a 'true African revolutionary personality.'"
—THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY

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Lowell defers to the tragic vision of Aeschylus where civil justice is established after great suffering. Perhaps this vision of wisdom, order and goddesses' grace attained through enormous bloodshed was difficult for Lowell to accept, and perhaps it did delay his work on *The Furies*. Lowell's unwillingness to excuse violence in the name of law, order or divine necessity would certainlv account for the irony, more his than Aeschylus', in lines such as these:

> Glory to Zeus, whatever he is:
> he cut off the testicles of his own father,
> and taught us dominion comes from pain.

In any case the great strength of Lowell's *Oresteia* is not his fealty to Aeschylus or his active political consciousness but his command of the American language. When a poet of Lowell's stature translates plays, all doors should be open to him, including those at Lincoln Center. □

NOT VERY LOUD

Now is the time of the moths that come
in the evening. They are around, just being
there, at windows and doors. They crowd
the lights, planing in from dark fields
and liking it in town. They accept each other
as they fly or crawl. How do they know
what is coming? Their furred flight,
softer than down, announces a quiet
approach under whatever is loud.

What are moths good for? Maybe they offer
something we need, a fluttering
near the edge of our sight. And they may carry
whatever is needed for us to watch
all through those long nights in our still,
vacant houses, if there is another war.

William Stafford

BOOK NOTES

Six Poets

G.E. MURRAY

KILLING FLOOR. *By Ai. Houghton Mifflin Company. 49 pp. $7.95.*

THERE'S A TRICK WITH A KNIFE I'M LEARNING TO DO: Poems 1963-78. *By Michael Ondaatje. W.W. Norton & Company. 107 pp. $12.95.*

SKULL OF ADAM. *By Stanley Moss. Horizon Press. 67 pp. $7.95.*

ENDURANCE/GOING UNDER. *By Donald Finkel. Atheneum Publishers. 110 pp. Paper $5.95.*

THE STAR-APPLE KINGDOM. *By Derek Walcott. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 56 pp. $10.*

THE FOLLIES. *By Daniel Mark Epstein. Outlook Press. 48 pp. $6.95.*

Offer ambitious contemporary poets the choice of informed speech or energized street talk, and most will take both. In part this explains the quick shifts of verbal gears that keep readers off balance these days. Surely it suggests an unwillingness among our poets to overlook any possible route toward complete and self-sufficient means of expression. The conventional, the oral, the learned, the hipper-than-thou, the sentimental, the scientific and ritualistic, even historical retreat and futuristic groping—these are all available modes and, it seems, often available all at once.

But such extravagant ambitions too frequently have disappointing results. Thus, sorting through fifty or so new titles, it is ironic to find that a pervasive sameness of feeling arises from the pursuit of all roads at once. There are, of course, exceptions. I am thinking first of the raw lyricism of Ai (Florence Anthony Kearney), whose pseudonym means "love" in Japanese, and whose wounding language and harsh sexual complaints have provided writers' workshops with a refreshing new source for imitation.

Ai's second book, *Killing Floor*, which has just won the Lamont Poetry Prize, again displays a range of tough-minded images, but these latest poems are further enriched by a framework of quasi-historical vignettes described in the voices of Trotsky, Zapata, Yukio Mishima, Marilyn Monroe and Ira Hayes (an Iwo Jima hero turned skid-row unfortunate). It is Hayes who typifies the poet's reflections on social decay and emotional disaster, admitting: "I'm the one dirty habit/ I just can't break."

Dark as this view may be, and however squeamish about themes of mass murder, assassination and infanticide one may be, this poet's authority is uncompromising. She encounters the mirror unshaken, adding ironic emphasis to what is, finally, a motto for her ravishments: "I mean to live."

Michael Ondaatje's poems in *There' a Trick With a Knife I'm Learning to D* also use the lyric as a weapon. Here, fo example, is a telling device called "Ap plication for a Driving License":

> Two birds loved
> in a flurry of red feathers
> like a burst cottonball,
> continuing while I drove over them.
>
> I am a good driver, nothing shocks me.

Ondaatje's landscapes are populatec by horrifying figures and events. It's a fashionable track, and any number o aspirants can turn out a glum swatch o verse given a dead animal or nightmare inspired by an anchovy pizza. Yet On daatje rises above the usual muck with an aggressively inventive, if sometimes offhanded, flourish. His freshness creates its own season of isolation ir "the cell of civilized magic."

Stanley Moss is an altogether differ ent case. In *Skull of Adam*, he neither shocks nor torments, though he does score an occasional point for the cause of scatology. These poems are accessi ble, simple almost to the point of art lessness, but with surprising rewards Often autobiographical or commemora tive, Moss never lapses into confessior or sentimentality. Instead, he conduct a ritual of preparation for the unpredict able coursings of spirit, acknowledg ing that "Flesh is a ghost, inarticulate."

There is a pleasing urgency here ("I have not used my darkness well"), a well as a counterbalanced appreciatior of suffering and mercy: "You can al ways find/ a little sanguine drawing/ o

G.E. Murray is a poet and the poetry columnist for The Chicago Sun-Times.

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paradise in Hell." Concerned about the meanings he conjures, Moss does what other poets are supposed to do: he puts life into words and gives words a life of their own.

It is interesting and increasingly rare to find a poet with ambitions for an epic in an era better suited to brief encounters and desperate measures. Yet Donald Finkel's seventh and best book, *Endurance/Going Under*, provides two poems whose subject matter and length recall the epic. "Going Under" raises voices of dead cave explorers as they sink "into the dark beyond the dark" of the huge complex of the Mammoth chain. While certain sections seem flat and pedestrian, the poem as a whole is developed with fluidity and patience and is free of the intellectual posturing that has marked Finkel's past work.

In the better of the two poems, "Endurance: An Antarctic Idyll," Finkel relates the explorations of Ernest Shackleton, who sailed the ship *Endurance* into a frozen nightmare in 1915. As the poem unfolds, tales of shipwreck and blind treks across glaciers build to an incantation of survival. Finkel's detailed pacing and breadth of voice make this a poetry of considerable scope and spirit.

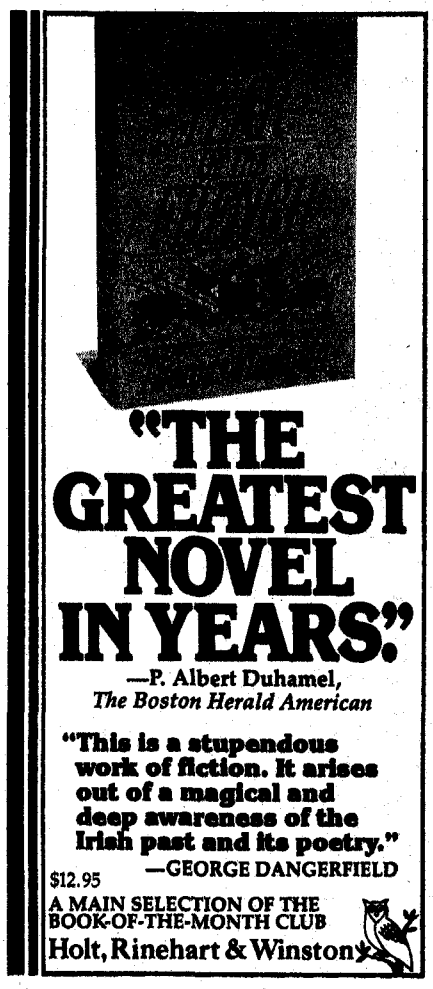
In the past decade, Derek Walcott has established himself as one of the very best English poets. *The Star-Apple Kingdom* enhances that reputation.

Walcott's special strength here is in the narrative, which depends on an accumulation of effects. Shifting from island patois to burlap idiom to eloquent statement, Walcott follows the miracles of the Caribbean and other "forlorn stations," achieving a respect for and harmony with nature. Even when he means to be strident, as with his description of a mysterious woman as "a black umbrella blown inside out /by the wind of revolution," he assumes a classical stance, Elizabethan airs. Not that archaism or direct influence are involved. Rather a particular skill and emotion has survived the centuries and found in Walcott an exceptional modern-day host.

Renaissance learning and classical meters also inform the burlesque quality of Daniel Mark Epstein's *The Follies*. In a departure from the self-conscious burdens of contemporary poetry, Epstein turns his expansive lines to vignettes and fables about judges, jockeys, whores, street barkers and tattoo artists. It's a Bourbon Street blend of tragicomic spirits. The collection's artifice and pragmatism may disenchant some readers, but the poet's craft and inventiveness are never in question. He is moving at the edge of the particular art he chooses and however precarious this enterprise, it's within this realm of individual abandon that the differences of our best poetry begin. □

Coming Next Week

Poems by Nancy Esposito, Jane Flanders, Marea Gordett and Susan Mitchell, the winners of Discovery-*The Nation*, '79. They will read their poems at The Poetry Center, 92nd Street YM-YWHA, 1395 Lexington Avenue, New York City, on Monday, May 21, at 8 P.M.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FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Woody Allen, now going under the name of Isaac Davis, hasn't changed much since we last met him in *Annie Hall*. He is still, in *Manhattan*, the quintessential New Yorker, exhausting his days and nights in a treasure hunt for the meaning of life, which he believes must surely be hidden somewhere east of Fifth Avenue. Allen/Davis is his own guru; hard on himself, hard on his friends. Moral certainty is his grail, and when we meet up with him this time he is having an affair with Tracy (Mariel Hemingway), a lovely, not excessively bright high school girl of 17, which liaison is not only inappropriate for a man in his mid-40s but an offense against the laws of New York State. Davis keeps telling her that she is wasting her time, that there's no future in it, that she ought to take up with someone her own age, who could make love to her properly—though, as he hastily adds and she happily agrees, he is not so bad at it himself.

After a bit, he does break off from Tracy, to take up with Mary (Diane Keaton), mistress of his friend, Yale (Michael Murphy), who has soured that alliance by protesting too much that he still loves his wife. Davis has been admonishing Yale for his dalliance, asserting that the wife (Anne Byrne) is in every way preferable. Mary has a habit of announcing that she's "from Philadelphia" whenever the conversation eludes her, which the irritated Davis takes pains to see that it does as often as possible. But then the women whom Keaton plays rarely hit it off at first with the man whom Allen plays; further acquaintance can be relied on to revise their opinions.

However, Mary decides that, on balance, she rather prefers Yale to Davis—a Hobson's choice, I would say, for a young woman on her own in Manhattan—and at the end, the seeker after life's meaning is at Tracy's door, trying to persuade her, as the taxi waits, to abandon her six-month drama course in London and cleave once again to him. Six months, she says with the optimism of youth, is not a long time, and he must have faith. Whereupon a look of beatitude illuminates Allen's face, and off she goes. My bet is that when we next meet him, Woody Allen will still be jogging on the epistemological treadmill.

I hope I'm wrong. There is a good deal of honest concern in Allen's wrestling with the Angel, not to mention that he is a man of uncommon charm and wit. But the theme is beginning to wear thin and to look fashionable. Davis, for example, has left his wife because she has taken a Lesbian lover; he frets about the rearing of their son and takes offense at a book she has written detailing his inadequacies as a mate. At

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ne point, also, he remarks that he and he people he knows invent neurotic rises to shield themselves from black- r holes their psyches dare not contem- late, and in a moment of depression he ecites to himself for encouragement a oster of the delights that make life ndurable—a kind of Zabar's shopping ist of human achievement. This sort of hing suggests that the trouble with Allen and the people he knows is that hey all read the same pop culture arti- les in the same O.K. magazines. The nusical score of *Manhattan* is a medley f George Gershwin tunes, and you an't do better for background music. But Gershwin is also nostalgia, the cur- ently fashionable balm for what hurts is.

All in all, I doubt that Allen can get nuch further by plucking obsessively it his own bosom. He is a great per- ormer, and it must be a temptation to stay out there in front of the camera. But I don't think he can go on playing he lonely runner of the East Fifties. *In- eriors*, for all that it hid its irresolution in reflections, was an interesting film. Perhaps Allen should have another go at other people's lives.

Eduardo Molinaro's *Cage aux Folles*, as I'm sure any number of reviewers will say, is a post-Freudian rewrite of *Charlie's Aunt*. Once again, the exigencies of a farcical plot have it that a respectable female must be produced to satisfy the conventions and, none being immediately available, a man attempts, however ineptly, to play the part.

But almost at once the context changes. *Charlie's Aunt* is a stubbornly innocent play; *La Cage aux Folles* is anything but that. Laurent's aunt—Laurent (Remy Laurent) is a proper young Frenchman, affianced to Simone (Claire Maurier), daughter of the secretary of a society self-appointed to guard the morals of France—Laurent's aunt, to repeat, is a female impersonator, star of a transvestite Riviera nightclub. He is Zaza (Michel Serrault), for twenty years lover of Renato (Ugo Tognazzi), proprietor of the club and father of Laurent in consequence of one single venture into the perils of heterosexuality. The parents on both sides must meet; Laurent must have a mother and Zaza does his best. From there on it is slapstick chaos to a happy conclusion.

The resemblance to *Charlie's Aunt* recurs in Zaza's impersonation of femininity. As in the old play, that perennial favorite of summer-resort amateur companies, Zaza is less than persuasive in drag. But whereas Charlie's relative is authentic enough as a male, Zaza whoops and hollers, his voice cracking across whole tiers of the larynx's range, pouting, flouncing and waving his hips in travesties of both genders. His tragedy—the film for all its follies, treats it as not quite a joke—is that he is neither fish nor fowl.

How the film will be taken by those who believe themselves most immediately concerned is hard to say. I'm inclined to think it is wholesome, and reductive of tension, that the most extrovert mannerisms of homosexuality can be made a source of unabashed laughter. But the stereotype is still potent and cruel, and *La Cage aux Folles* capitalizes on the kind of hysterical exhibitionism that serious-minded homosexuals repudiate. The film is funny enough, if you're not in the line of fire, but I'm not prepared to say that the fun is entirely harmless. □

THEATER

HAROLD CLURMAN

First produced last year in Chicago, David Mamet's *The Woods* can now be seen in a new staging at the Public Theater. One reviewer has maintained that it was beautiful in its earlier presentation but that, chiefly on account of faulty direction, it is at the moment disappointing. Such a thing is possible, but in this case I am inclined to doubt it. There is a crucial defect in the text.

In several of his plays, most notably in *American Buffalo*, Mamet has demonstrated genuine dramatic gifts. He possesses a tender sensibility and a keen sense of the stage. His plays shift in focus and in aim, as if they were meant not so much to interest or entertain us as to discover who he is: Mamet appears to be seeking his theme, his artistic identity. It is a quest which inspires sympathy. If we judge him piece by piece we shall find the path somewhat bumpy; if we try to "place" him—it is really too early to do so—we are likely to fall into innocent error. It might be more helpful to describe critically the particular nature of each of his "steps" than simply to judge them in relation to our pleasure.

The Woods is about a young man and woman who are in love. They have repaired to a quiet place in the country where the young man, Nick, spent a good part of his boyhood years with his now deceased parents. In their isolation and in the pauses between their bouts of lovemaking, Nick's character and that

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of Ruth, his companion, emerge. She is healthy, eager for experience, and far more intelligent or, at least, balanced than he. He is inarticulately troubled; he cannot locate the cause of his inner disturbances. His disaffection probably has to do with his childhood, but everything, it would seem, has to do with one's childhood. The easiest tag to apply to him is "neurotic," but what exactly does that mean?

He is abusive and apologetic—how tiresome his constant "I'm sorrys." He wants to be alone, he wants her to go away, he wants her to stay. His love-making is a kind of nervous impatience with himself. He requires solace from the nameless and wracking upset of his spirit. His confusion is disruptive of the relationship which he nevertheless pleads to preserve. Ruth, always more lucid, wants to break with him, but she recognizes in him a lost child adrift, and yields to her pity for him.

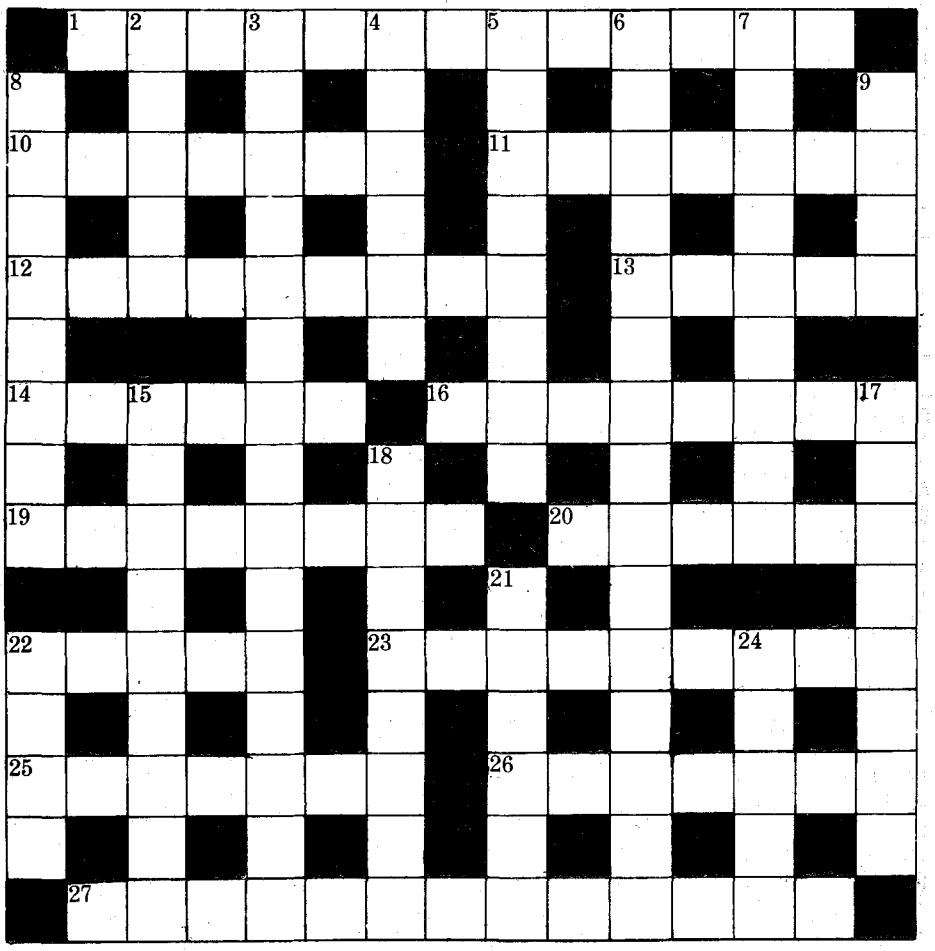
It is all literally "true to life"—which is exactly what troubles me. Innumerable love affairs everywhere may be similarly graphed, even to the point of the nervously inconsequential fragments of speech with which the lovers communicate. The play implies that, especially in the matter of love, we are all in the "woods." The phenomena of nature itself surround and wrap us in an impenetrable dark mystery, unresponsive to reasoned explanation.

This sentiment in itself may be banal, but that does not preclude its serving as material, even the essence, of sound drama. How many vital truths about life are there anyway? But the "realism" here dispels the larger dimension sought for. In language and behavior the characters are too concrete and superficially recognizable to take wing. We fail to learn anything beyond their immediate and unexceptional situation. They are not transfigured by any special insight, psychological or intuitive. The obvious symbolism—the maze of the lonely wooded landscape in which we find them—evokes nothing, and the realism is so commonplace that it makes the symbolism appear terribly "young."

John Lee Beatty's setting, though striking as a construction, aims to synthesize both aspects of the text—the locale itself and its suprasensible meaning—but like it, fulfills neither function. Christine Lahti and Chris Sarandon's acting, as well as Ulu Grosbard's direction, all of it intelligently straightforward, might have been informed by a desire for emotional poetry, but can hardly ignite the bald and rough specificity of what we see and hear. □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1774

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 As a preliminary judgment, where to look for clock numbers. (2,3,4,2,2)
10 One's estate comes after the first three. (7)
11 It might be hailing in London. (7)
12 Broken set—sad, but they help make the tongue distinctive. (5,4)
13 and 22 down What one should do with Antony's good deeds and works reciprocally. (9)
14 Referring to certain letters of those who run CIA lookouts. (6)
16 With such care, one has to expect something! (8)
19 With avidity. (8)
20 Like a certain fateful date, intended for the audience. (6)
22 Morning's at seven? Six hours earlier for one in Cremona! (5)
23 Depending on one's experience, it makes the claim ripe. (9)
25 A stratagem the French make to go bit by bit. (7)
26 A variety of oranges found wild in Asia. (7)
27 It might be "Attack!" or "Retreat!"—depending on the disposition of the troops! (5,2,6)

DOWN

2 Sort of went south, to look for salamanders. (5)
3 Radical sign? (6,3,6)
4 Sort of nude, and quite a dish! (6)
5 Certain to be roosters on the torn-up French street! (8)
6 See 9 down
7 Rubbed the wrong way, possibly. (9)
8 Possibly with G, D, A and E missing—likely to go to pieces. (8)
9 and 6 down It wasn't only the Jeeves type who used to undersign it. (4,8,7)
15 Was Maurice in the Legion of Honor? (9)
17 On a shopping trip, might one not want to be so disinterested? (8)
18 Go east, shortly, to do this—not for yourself, exactly. (5,3)
21 The assurance of the sort of pal an unruly mob follows. (6)
22 See 13 across.
24 There might be a catch in it. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1773

ACROSS: 1 Lion's den; 5 Menage; 10 Emits; 11 Publishes; 12 Edifice; 13 Utterly; 14 Paints; 18 Pastime; 21 Quells; 24 Resists; 26 Acts out; 27 The way out; 28 Trier; 29 Dakota. DOWN: 1 Leered; 2 Originals; 3 Session; 4 Express; 6 Epistle; 7 Asher; 8 Essayist; 9 Abduct; 16 Yellowing; 17 Spirited; 19 Instant; 20 and 15 Easy on the eyes; 21 Quartet; 22 Entitle; 23 Starch; 25 and 30 Speak at length.

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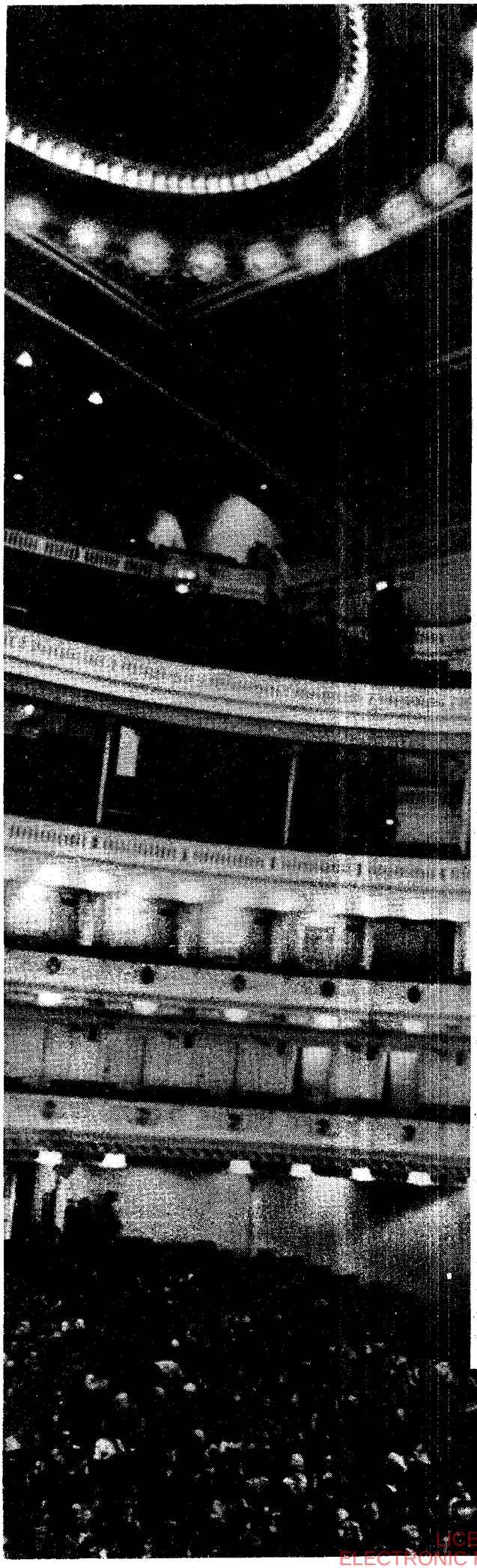

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